

TALES
OF
THE PRIORY
VOL. IV.

TALES
OF
THE PRIORY.

By
MRS. HOFLAND.

I present not my Tales to the reader as if I had chosen the best method of ensuring his approbation, but as using the only means I possessed of engaging his attention.

CRABBE'S *Preface*.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, ORME, AND BROWN
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

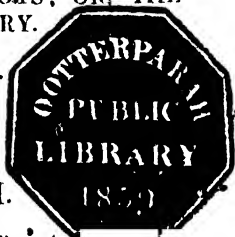
1820.

TALES OF THE PRIORY

ELIZABETH AND HER BOYS; OR, THE
BEGGAR'S STORY.

CONTINUED.

CHAP. VI.



What man but sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of change, the which all mortal things doth sway?

Which that to all may better yet appear
I will rehearse that whilom I heard say. SPENSER.

It now became apparent, that the numerous concerns, extensive hospitality, and innumerable charities, in which Mr. Thorncliffe indulged himself, had involved him in most distressing embarrassments. The multiplicity of his engagements utterly preventing his attention to many,

(although a man whose mental and personal activity were really extraordinary,) he had been of course compelled to entrust them in the hands of others, and had been, in general, unwise, or unfortunate in his choice of agents. These were in many instances enthusiasts, who considered it meritorious to "take no heed to the things of this world," although they accepted liberal rewards for offices which certainly demanded much worldly care and application. They were further unfit for their situation, by being selected from the lowest order of society, from those who, having never possessed property, knew not its value, beyond the immediate comforts of provision for the day, which was secured to them at brother Thomcliffe's risk. There were not wanting others who, in the character of the new convert, (who was at once pressing with avaricious haste into every scheme of emolument, and yet dealing profusely the profits of each among the

brethren,) saw the power of reaping a harvest from his imprudence, and securing a retreat for themselves, from the wreck of property they had once little prospect of fingering — these were few in number, but their bite was the most deadly, though unseen ; and it was surprising, in how short a time the possessor of a handsome, and once thriving property, retained only its name ; which shortly after, like the shell of an excavated building, crumbled also to the dust.

During the period of this progressive ruin, the temper of Mr. Thorncliffe grew worse and worse ; but the consciousness of his own frequent errors in that respect, imposed upon him a kind of restraint which helped to deceive him into the belief, that he was a religious character, struggling with misfortunes ; and he frequently arrogated to himself the title of being one of those, “ whom God loveth, and therefore chastiseth,” although every apparent effort he made, was in fact under

the eye of man only; for the moment his class-leader, or the visiting preacher had left the house, his wife and servants received the angry invective, cruel taunt, or unmerited reproach; which arose from a temper soured by contending with difficulties and disappointments, which were the result of ambitious projects, and the impetus of a mind which, tearing itself at once from various habitual amusements, sought to supply the vacuum by more specious, but not wiser occupations.

Mr. Thorncliffe was a decisive proof, that a man may retain, and even greatly increase that which he condemns as evil in himself, under a new form, and particularly in one mode, which we mention more immediately, because we know that many who have been rated highly as religious people, have fallen into it; this was the *spirit* of gambling; before that period, which he falsely, though not hypocritically, styled his conversion, he was wont to enjoy with harmless badin-

age and noisy mirth, a game at cards, in which, though ever the most venturesome of his party, he never won or lost anything worth even a moment's thought. In renouncing this amusement, he gave himself great credit, especially as even when he allowed himself a trial of skill at cribbage, he refused to play for the most trifling stake. When, abandoning this diversion, he ventured money in speculations on subjects of commerce to which he was totally a stranger; engaged with an inadequate capital, in schemes which embraced prodigious credit, and finally supported that credit by accommodation bills, in connection with persons whose characters were worthless, or with others whose simplicity was imposed on; it never entered his mind that he was a gambler of the most daring and destructive kind; that he was not only playing with that property in which his wife and innocent children had a certain right, but that, of all those, whose confidence de-

manded both his integrity and his gratitude; and that in thus failing in the great moral obligations of society, he was, in daring to call himself a Christian, truly “crucifying the Son of God a-fresh, and putting him to open shame,” at the very time his proud spirit was inwardly saying, “I play no cards, I frequent no play-houses, I shoot not, neither do I hunt; the sinful diversions of both town and country are unknown to me, I am not as other men,” and may say to all my neighbours, “stand off! for I am holier than ye.”

The fate of Mrs. Thorncliffe in this case had been as pitiable as her conduct was excellent, and her counsel had been as prudent as it was unavailing. As one scheme after another had been offered by the weak or designing, she had, as well as she was able, examined them, and intreated him not to pursue them; and, naturally a penetrative and acute woman, had endeavoured to point out wherein their real weakness or relative inconve-

nience had consisted. When her reasons were ridiculed, her fears condemned, the plan pursued, and its evils realised, with all the heroism of true tenderness, the forbearance which is best learnt in the Gospel, she forbore all remark on the subject, and only struggled how to best partake that load which overwhelmed her, and cheer the spirit which was as cowardly in adversity, as ardent in prosperity.

It has been remarked, that however slow the decay of sickness, yet death always seems sudden at last. The same remark holds good of ruined circumstances. Mr. Thorncliffe, long injured as it were in every vein and artery, which were, however, still sucked in his house and his table, was at last wounded to the heart. An execution was taken on his goods; his friends declared themselves unwilling to bail him. From the numerous arrests against him, he was compelled to leave his house, and his brother-in-law

stepped forward to make the best arrangements possible with his creditors; flattering himself that out of such various property there would still be found something which might prove sufficiently beneficial to satisfy his creditors.

Although the servants were attached to Mrs. Thorncliffe, yet they had so often been changed of late, or else been so ill-used, that they thought they had endured sufficient; and the general breaking up of the house (further than concerned their pecuniary claims) did not seem to trouble them; especially when their lady, having removed to her sister's house, no longer awoke their sympathy by her presence. This lady had, to the very utmost of her power, discharged the more immediate debts of her department, therefore so little was found owing, that Mr. Tomlinson thought himself justifiable in immediately paying the servants' wages; after receiving which they all departed, save William.

. Mr. Tomlinson, as we have already seen, was rather a good-humoured than an observant man. When our poor boy had been summoned with the rest to take his due, it was long before he could be found; but this only led to a reprimand for his carelessness. When, however, it was perceived that he did not go away with the rest, seeing he had a home to go to, the gentleman enquired, "if he had any reason for staying about the house?"

"I suppose, Sir," said William, with a deep sigh, "things will be settled some time?"

"I hope so, certainly, my lad; but what of that?"

"My master will want a servant — and ——"

"He will want no footman; that is quite out of the question. Besides, you cannot surely wish to live with him? I know what he has been to you, and what you have been to him; I will give you a

character, William, 'so don't fear getting a place."

"I have no fear, Sir, for myself; but I can turn my hand to any thing; and I beg pardon, Sir, I *do* think I shall suit the family better than a stranger."

"You cannot possibly *love* your master?" said Mr. Tomlinson, with a look of doubting scrutiny.

"I love my mistress, Sir; and now my poor master is in distress, I think, Sir;—yes, I love *him*, too, I am sure I do. And then the children, Sir; I could do any thing for them night or day."

Mr. Tomlinson was affected. "I will tell my sister what you say, and if—well, well, we shall see: I will let you know, William; at present every thing is undecided—I will consider——"

William felt that he had no longer a right to intrude, though both his head and heart were very full; and he felt the money in his pocket taken from a house in this situation very burdensome to him,

even when carrying it to that home where it could hardly fail to be welcome, though he knew it would not be wished for. On the following Monday, that house where he had now resided for more than three years, was to be broken up, the furniture to be disposed of, and a kind of universal ruin take place, which afflicted him exceedingly, and in contemplating it, he forgot how often he had wept at the ill-humour, or suffered under the anger of him for whom he now felt no other sentiment than that of the sincerest pity.

Among other schemes and manufactories, Mr. Thorncliffe had some time before engaged in a pottery, in consequence of finding a vein of marl on his estate calculated for the purpose. This scheme had been abandoned almost as soon as begun, in consequence of the demand for money made by other plans which were farther advanced; but during the short time it was worked, Wil-

William, who was delighted with the power of forming any thing within his power, had stolen from his morning's rest to join the workmen, and mould some rude crockery from the refuse materials, with which he intended to surprise poor Betty; he now took this place in his way homeward, in order to take his little store, which he had placed in a corner of the building, and although too worthless to attract attention, might probably be destroyed if not removed before the day of sale.

William had nearly reached home, with his bundle and treasured crockery, when Mr. Tomlinson, whose house it will be recollected was in that neighbourhood, overtook him, and, checking his horse, enquired, "What he had got under his left arm?"

William instantly presented the things, informing Mr. Tomlinson that they were of his own making.

"They are very decently made; and

I declare, the material is really good. — Umph! this scheme was entered into, I know, to provide for one of those canting devils I hate so much; but other-ways I should not perhaps think it a bad one.”

“ Jonathan Humphries, Sir, is a — I beg pardon, Sir.”

“ Speak out : what is he ?”

“ Very honest and industrious, Sir.”

“ Umph! that *may* be, to be sure. Well, I will see after this. Perhaps if the place were set forward, you would like to work at it, William ?”

“ Oh, yes! I would work night and day, Sir; there is nothing I should like so much, and I have heard Jonathan say, it would be a fortune to my master if he were to pursue it.”

“ Well, William, seek this man out, and bring him to the hall to-morrow; I will try to talk to him, if he has no cant; but I am sick to death of a pack of scoundrels who groan and gorinandize in

a breath; carrion crows, that croak while they devour; they, *they only* have ruined him."

William did not believe this; but as it was uttered rather as soliloquy than address, he felt that he had no right to repel what he considered unjust prejudice in Mr. Tomlinson, yet not entirely without a foundation.

When poor William returned to Joseph Allen's cottage, he could not help reverting to the time when he had first entered it, and all his early sorrows came over his mind, together with the kindness of her who had rescued him. To this succeeded gratitude to God for the protecting hand which had hitherto supported him, and now blest him with the sight of his friends, in health, and enjoying many little comforts afforded by his hand and that of Mary, to whom he had been the means of procuring a most estimable home in the house of Mr. Greville.

The presence of William was now as

great a pleasure to poor Joseph, as it had formerly been a grievance ; and he could scarcely regret any circumstance which brought him home again, because he thought it was now very probable that the master with whom *he* wrought would give William employment ; and he had frequently observed of late to Betty, that, “ a footman was at best an idle kind of body, mostly better fed than taught ; like a race-horse, adorned and pampered in youth, deserted and famished in old age.”

When Joseph broached this doctrine to William, he was highly flattered by perceiving the youth allowed the fact, and re-echoed the opinion ; but heard with some degree of pain that he had views on a different manufactory ; for such was his pride of William, that he assumed inwardly great merit for bringing forward so clever a lad in a business, where, notwithstanding the humble de-

partment he filled, the length of his servitude gave him some consideration.

Punctual to his appointment, William, accompanying Humphries, (the late head of the pottery), waited on Mr. Tomlinson, and saw with the sincerest pleasure that that gentleman was well inclined towards furnishing the money necessary for continuing the concern, provided his brother-in-law would engage in it, with that exclusive attention now so necessary for his own welfare and that of his young family. Having held the necessary consultation with the man, William was dispatched into the garden to seek his late master; in order that his wishes might be known, and his knowledge on the subject ascertained.

It was now about three weeks since Mr. Thorncliffe had stolen from his own house to avoid arrest; and after skulking about the country until he received intimation of Mr. Tomlinson's exertions in his behalf, had at length ventured to take

the refuge offered in his house. In this short time a most distressing change had taken place in his person, and, to William's conception, a still greater in his manners. His florid face was shrunken and pale to ghastliness; his portly person and commanding gait were exchanged for a loose, emaciated figure and timid air; and the big swelling voice of authority sunk into the "childish treble" of querulous complaint, or deprecating supplication; so little has violence to do with true manliness of soul; the affectations of sanctity, with the firmness of religious endurance and Christian fortitude.

William approached his late master with the lowest bending of his body which he had ever made to mortal man; and he requested his attendance in the parlour, in a tone so humbly tremulous, that it instantly struck poor Thorncliffe that something even worse than all which had lately befallen him had happened.

He knew William's attachment to his mistress, his love for the children, and he felt his own at once awakened and alarmed. "With a start of horror, he seized William's hand, "Tell me, my good lad, in mercy tell me what has happened? My wife, my little ones; where are they?"

"I saw Mississ and all the young ladies through the window just now, Sir. I hope they are well; but ——"

"As William spoke, the passion of grief he had struggled with refused to subside. He wept, and turned away.

"If they are well, what ails you, William? I cannot go into the house in this suspense!"

"Oh, Sir, I cannot — *cannot* bear to see *you* — you are ill, I am sure you are."

"Is this for *me*; oh, no! yet I never thought the boy a hypocrite, though others did —— Will, Will, have you forgot what sort of a master I was to you? I remember now, they said you

would have staid with me; surely you have no memory?"

"Oh yes, I have a *good* memory," said the boy, struggling to overcome his feelings. "I know that you took me into your service, although I was known to have been a beggar, and that though you often quarrelled with me for awkwardness, and blamed me for many faults, yet you never actually drove me from your service. For more than three years I have eaten your bread, and slept in safety under your roof. I have reason to thank God that I knew you, and may he forbid that I should ever remember — at such a time as this too — oh no, no."

A fresh gush of tears followed these words, and William ran down another walk to hide his emotions. The distressed man, struggling with his own awakened feelings, obeyed his summons to the house, and in a short time listened to the plan, suggested by his brother-in-

law, for his future relief, as originally named by William.

The utter despondency now evinced by Mr. Thorncliffe, was almost as provoking to Mr. Tomlinson as his former boasting, bustling manners had been; and he was on the point of throwing up the whole of his affairs in a pet, when the re-entrance of William gave some pause to the one and some encouragement to the other. In seeing one human being really and conscientiously attaching himself to his fallen fortunes, the ruined man gained power to declare, "that he would do all in the concern required of him;" and on hearing this, spoken at once with a resolute and dejected air, pity regained her place in Tomlinson's heart, he proceeded to engage Humphries as foreman, to place William in his hands as apprentice, and guarantee the property from injury at present, in order to preserve it for Mr.

Thorncliffe as the future master. Humphries' interest was, in this arrangement, very greatly increased, on the condition of his rendering more essential services than he had ever done before; and Mr. Tomlinson took especial care to bargain that his *time* should be dedicated to the concern, knowing that a considerable portion of it was wont to be devoted to the occupation of field-preaching in a distant neighbourhood. Having settled these points, he took leave of him with an air of confidence and respect with which, from a man of Mr. Tomlinson's consequence, he had never been treated before, excepting the fallen Thorncliffe.

“Thus are the righteous exalted, and the proud sent empty away,” observed Humphries, as the hall-door closed on them, casting an eye towards his late master, whose deep sigh met his ear at the same moment.

“If you mean *that* for Mr. Thorncliffe, I must say it is not very becom-

ing," said William, in a tone of anger. "No! it ill becomes you to quote Scripture against him who so lately fed you and bemeaned himself to listen to your prayers, as he has done many a time to my knowledge; it would become you as well to remember that text which says, "Thou shalt not break a bruised reed," and another, "Ingratitude is as the sin of witchcraft." Let Mr. Inorncliffe have been what he will to others, his house, his purse, and his heart, have been open to you and all other Methodists, and it ill becomes *them* to trample on him in his fall."

"Nay, child, I trample on no man, but, I know what he *was*, that's certain, and I see what he *is* now; I marvel much at thy defence of him; if thou stickest thus to a bad master, what wouldest thou do for a good one?"

"It is in your power to try, for I am about to become your servant in a great measure, but I wish you to learn,

that I shall always consider *him* as my *head*, and while I render you my labour and obedience, as in duty bound, when working; yet to him and his shall my services be dedicated in every other moment of my time."

As Humphries had understood that he owed that good character to William, which had procured him the late advantageous engagement, he did not object to this arrangement, and they parted on terms of good understanding with each other, although there was little personal regard at this time on either side. Humphries was content with silently assigning William to Satan, seeing he was a son of Belial, and William wished him in return, a heart more in unison with his profession, as a religious man and a good servant.

CHAP. VII.

See here acquitted of all vain pretence,
 The reign of genuine charity commence;
 Though scorn repay her sympathetic tears,
 She still is kind, and still she perseveres.

COWPER.

A SALE in a country village, especially when it arises, as in this case, from the ruin of a once comparatively wealthy and important family, is an object of great interest, and never fails to be crowded by the busy, the idle, the malevolent, and even the sorrowful. This of poor Thorncliffe's attracted even more than usual attention, it drew together both those very opposite classes of people, amongst whom his time had been spent; the gay world and the serious here met, and jostled in good humour, or jarred in spite; rather according to the humours than the principles of either;

all were intent on making bargains, or comments; a carcase lay before them which must be stripped, and every one performed his office in the manner most agreeable to his inclination; for the number of people assembled seemed to render the conduct of each individual secure from notice.

“ ’Tis a sad sight this,” said the little exciseman to the barber; “ it goes to my heart.”

“ So it does to mine, but it is just what I expected from the time he took those culamites, or, as I call ’em, caterpillars, into his house by dozens; there were they sucking him like leeches, a parcel of straight-haired democrats, as empty as a powder-puff.”

The billiard-table putting up; “ ah! that piece of sinful vanity has had a long rest; the evil one is busy now; he listens eagerly to see what wicked soul shall be entrapped; gone for twenty-pounds; hey, ha! — the dinner tables, why surely

sister Benson doesn't bid at *them*! upon my word, I shouldn't ha' thought on't, bid against me; nay, nay, she shall have e'm; I've made her pay for them however; that's my comfort; they have been in use this ten years; they are bright, but not sound, I know."

Thus spoke the pious wife of the apothecary, as the richer lady of the cornfactor, her spiritual friend, gained the prize she wanted. As it moved off, Miss Watchall, an ancient maiden, observed, with a sigh; "How many an extravagant dinner have I seen set upon those tables!"

"You have a right to say that," observed the lady who had got them; "for I believe there were few of them made here, that you did not help to eat."

"True, Madam," said Miss Watchall, "I ate plenty of them, till you, and your set, came in and turned honest people out."

A loud laugh cheered the last speaker, though a whisper spread round the room against her, but it was hushed by the entrance of a large basket of linen.

“The linen’s in a pretty condition, I’ll be bound for it,” whispered Mrs. Gripeley the attorney’s lady, to her friend, “for when the mistress of a house is eternally preaching and praying, every thing goes to wreck; for my part I love my rubber in an evening, I confess, but I take care my maids eat no idle bread; I should like those table-cloths, but — what does the man say, warranted without a hole? aye, aye, I see how it is — all got up for the occasion.”

“They say there will not be five shillings in the pound; no not even with *her* settlement,” said one to his neighbour.

“I am fully persuaded with all this,” observed another, “that Thorncliffe’s affairs are rather in an embarrassed, than

ruinous state; his own fortune was respectable, and though he kept a good house, he did nothing extravagant; he has had too many irons in the fire, 'tis true, and some would burn, but other's did well; by and bye, when things are sifted, it will be seen that he has enough and to spare; he is a sharp man, and could his own eyes have been every where, every thing would have done well."

"So they are all at Tomlinson's, it seems — aye, they will soon have the blue cheese brought out there, I'll answer for it — yes, yes, they'll bite the bridle presently in that quarter," said one.

"How happy they are in being with such good-tempered creatures as the Tomlinsons, in this time of trouble; I'm sure they'll be *welcome* there," said another.

Whilst these various opinions and feelings were taking place, William, with a heavy heart, was, by the direction of the assignees, watching the property. In

spite of his vigilance, several little matters had been stolen; and he had been repeatedly reminded of what was called his own origin; and told, that he did not verify the proverb of, "set a thief to watch a thief." He had, in truth, been somewhat too busy in realising property of his own, for he had become the purchaser of a feather-bed and a small lot of sherry wine, which he knew to be worth much more than was bid for it; and whilst he was packing the first property, and stowing the last in safety, two small articles of silver were missing; not valuable in themselves, but rendered so from belonging to other articles, which were incomplete without them.

Betty Allen, late in the day, had taken a walk over, more for the pleasure of returning with William than any other business. As she entered the yard, she perceived the porter employed at the sale, beating, most unmercifully, a poor looking child, about ten years of age,

whose loud shrieks in the bustle of the place were wholly unattended to. Betty was in as great a hurry as any body; but never did the voice of sorrow meet her ear unnoticed, instantly flying to the man, she besought him to desist.

“And so encourage him in stealing, and let him come to the gallows.” said the man.

“Stealing! that is dreadful; but, alas! he looks just starved to death, and they say hunger breaks stone walls.”

“Nonsense! he couldn’t eat silver,” cried the man, triumphantly holding up the articles which had been missed, and which he had drawn from the ragged garment of the delinquent.

The child, hungry, terrified, and smarting in every limb, reeled, almost fainting against poor Betty, whose compassion was so deeply moved, that even while she acknowledged the truth of these assertions she yet shrunk from their application, and folded the wretched offender

in her arms, where for some time he lay nearly senseless ; and the punisher terrified at the effects of his own violence, ran hastily about to find some means of relief. William had been appointed to distribute bread and beer to such as chose it ; and he became the medium of assisting in the restoration of the offending, miserable child.

With a look of deep compassion, William entreated Betty to continue her care, being compelled to attend to other business ; and the poor woman, after enquiring in vain to whom the boy belonged, and how he came there, perceiving too, that his answers were altogether equivocal, and indicated that he had unhappily learnt both to steal and to lie, became exceedingly embarrassed. All around her were attending to their own affairs ; the richer part of the company were withdrawn ; horses and carts coming for goods, compelled her every moment to remove ; and, to add to her

trouble, William' could neither give her counsel nor assistance until all was over.

At length, a stranger offered to give her and the boy a' cast in his cart, which she joyfully accepted, and after an hour's shaking, which greatly added to the tortures undergone by her young charge, she was set down at the door of her own cottage.

Betty carried the boy as well as she was able into the house, placed him in a chair, and as she gave him the warm milk which Joseph had prepared for their supper, related the sad history of her acquaintance with him, and the terrible necessity she had been under of bringing him home whether she would or not.

"Fiddle faddle," cried Joseph, "among fifty folks more likely than us to take to him, what business could thee have to be meddling? Was there one body there not better able to do it than us? No! thee knowest not one."

"Look at him," cried Betty, tearing

off his rags, and exhibiting the terrible weals and deep gashes in a skin, which though dirty was very delicate. "Look here, Joseph, and tell me if any human creature could bear it?"

"Well, well," said Joseph, "make thy best of him; but to bring a thief into an honest man's house, I call downright craziness."

"Our blessed Lord was crucified between two thieves, Joseph; and he died, giving salvation to one of them. What are we that we should despise his creatures? From *us* the child can take nothing; but *we* can give *him* good help in his affliction, and good counsel when he is out of it. What bruises are these on so young a creature!"

"'Tis a very sad thing, I see," said Joseph, who was much softened; "but what can *we* do with him? Thee wouldst not put such a poor filthy thing as that to bed to our William; and if thee puts him out of doors, he'll may be die. O

Betty! Betty! thou hast brought us all into terrible trouble. What will become of us?"

There was something so melancholy in the tones of Joseph at this moment, that Betty was indeed completely overpowered with sorrow, and she was weeping bitterly, when William entered the house bending beneath a burden of a very different description to hers.

"Now farewell to rheumatism," cried William: "see, here is a feather-bed for you, Joseph; and may you sleep comfortably on it many, many years."

This object, long desired, but apparently utterly unattainable, drew Joseph's attention from the sad object he was contemplating; and the water gushed into his eyes as he shook William's hand, and thanked him for his welcome present, which, though poor of its kind, was yet riches in the poor man's house. The exultation of the good boy had borne him through the fatigue of bearing it

home after a busy day; but when he beheld the deplorable object of Betty's cares, his spirits and strength seemed to sink together, and as he sat down, he begged for his supper.

"Betty have given it to that lad," said Joseph, with a sigh: "she had forgotten *thee*, who have been a blessing to us ever since we took thee in."

Betty could have spoken words at this moment which would have justified her conduct, and thrown the ungenerous observation back on him who uttered it; but though of quick feelings and hasty resentments, she was schooled in forbearance, and her anxiety to do good was too sincere to throw any stumbling-blocks in her own way by useless recrimination; especially under circumstances which in her own apprehension justified much of what Joseph had advanced. Gently moving the boy's head, which still rested on her lap, she observed, "that William could eat hasty-pudding;

it would be a novelty to him now-a-days ; and it would go down sweetly with the recollection that he had not only given them a comfort long desired in vain, but enabled them to bestow a bed on a poor child, whose forlorn situation he could not fail to estimate properly."

To this William joyfully acceded, and, as soon as he was a little rested, with the utmost tenderness and alacrity, shared with his good mother the sad task (at once pitiable and disgusting) of cleansing and salving the wretched object of their compassion. Many a time did William's mind revert to his first friend Sergeant Hallam, as he witnessed the sufferings, or reflected on the faults of the boy before him ; and he silently thanked God, that his mind had been stored in the first stages of existence, with those precepts which, even in his severest trials, had " kept his hands from picking and stealing, and his tongue from lying ;" and most ardently did his warm heart de-

sire to extend the good he had received, to every deserted and helpless being so situated; whilst on this child he determined to lavish all the kindness, counsel, and learning in his power to bestow.

For several days the poor boy lay stretched in severe pain, or helpless languor, on the couch which Betty's humanity had prepared for him; and, during that time, William and her together patched him up some clothing, which was at least clean and comfortable, and in which he looked so much better than he did on his first arrival, that even Joseph allowed, "that to be sure he was a very pretty lad," qualifying the observation with the old adage, "handsome is that handsome does," and adding, that, "when the best was made of him; he was a poor sickly thing."

"He is the more to be pitied on that account," said Betty. "The child that cannot work must yet eat, and he is driven from help in many cases; just because

he needs it. What master will take a sick servant? What overseer admit an ailing pauper?"

"Very true," returned Joseph, "and rich folks should consider these things; it is *their* duty, and if they neglect it, they will go into eternal punishment. Dives saw Lazarus at his door, and wouldn't give him even the crumbs that fell from his table: afterwards, he lift up his eyes, being in torments, and beheld the same Lazarus in Abraham's bosom. Didn't William read it all last Sunday in the Testament, concerning this *rich* man's punishment? But he never read that a poor man was punished because he didn't help another poor man! Answer me that, if thou canst? But thou cannot!!"

Betty answered not, for she knew that, in the triumph of his imagined victory, the ebullition which had roused her husband to so long a speech would subside; but after a time, as if addressing Wil-

liam, she made the following observations.

“ Rich people so seldom see the real sufferings of the poor, (who if they are decent people do their best to hide them,) that it is no wonder many miss of relief, who would otherwise get it. They often give money freely, but seldom help with their hands; that seems left for the poor to do, and when distress presses close to their sight, enters their thresholds, rings in their ears, they surely must relieve it if they be Christians, and remember their Lord’s assurance, “ Whatsoever ye do unto these little ones ye do also unto me.”

“ As to power,” continued Betty, “ every body has *some*. Had I been the mother of a family, I must, by hook or crook, have fed them; and for sure I could not have taken away my children’s bread and given it to strangers: but seeing I am denied these, and others are thrown in my way, why it seems a call

to me to help them according to my means. Not that I say I will keep this child after I have cured him."

The sick boy, raising the long eyelashes which shaded his pallid cheek, cast upon her a look of such imploring sorrow, that she hastily recalled the words that had wounded him, saying, "that if he were a good boy, and left off his bad ways, perhaps she might keep him, and be a mother to him as she was to William."

"My mother," said the lad, "called me *good* when I took things; she beat me when I took nothing."

"What, child, did thy mother teach thee to steal?"

"She called it *taking*," said the boy.

"Where is your mother?" said William, shuddering. "Who could she be that was so very *very* wicked, worse even than ———?"

"My mother was her that I lived with, to be sure. The woman that took

me from my daddy's house a long time since, when I had my new clothes on, which made a man of me."

This strange discovery interested and affected the questioners. The mother was undoubtedly some infamous wretch who had stolen the child for the basest purposes, and, after training him to dishonest practices for her own benefit, had deserted him in the moment of his detection. Many more queries were now put, as to his real parents and far distant home; but no further knowledge could be obtained than this, which appeared to contradict itself; he said, "that his mammy had four children besides himself, and that his daddy used to say he was a gentleman's son, whereas, from all they could gather, this daddy was himself a petty farmer, since he described his occupations, as such with much accuracy.

"But what is your name, my boy?"

"It used to be Charles Cant— Cant—

something. I told mother so many a time, but she would call me Bill all I could say."

"And what was your daddy's name?"

"Jonathan, and my dear Jonty —— and there was another name, but I have forgot it."

"It must have been that Cant something. Was it not?"

"Oh no, no. That was *my* name only. It was neither George's, nor Nancy's, only mine in the house; daddy said so."

"Don't ye see," cried Joseph, "that they called him Cantup or Cantwell, or something a that sort, because he was a pretty child with winning ways. Or, since then mayhap, because he was a sort of whining beggar — as they call us Methodists cants," he added, with a knowing groan.

This solution of the difficulty was allowed to be excellent, and the praise which the poor old man received for it, put him in good humour with the subject

of it. So that the boy, with all his wants and all his faults, was henceforward established in the cottage as a second son, under the tender appellation of Charley.

“ I will give him meat, William shall give him clothes and learning,” said Betty. “ I will take him to meeting, and I trust he will be converted and lead a new life.”

“ I hope so too,” said William, “ but, dear mother, watch him closely and warn him frequently. Always let him suffer for his faults, and be made happy when he conquers them ; so he will learn that honesty is the best policy, and in time become established in every thing that is good.”

“ The grace of God,” said Betty, “ can do all in a moment, and without it vain is the help of man.”

“ Nay, mother, surely you now talk as my master used to say the Antinomians did, when he abused them without

mercy. Depend upon it, we must all *strive* to enter in at the strait gate, or we shall never be found within it. It is by patience, as well as faith, that we must inherit the promises; it is God's will to grant our blessings as the reward of our diligence. You know the path of the just is as the light which shineth more and more, unto the perfect day; it therefore stands to reason that the path of the unjust must begin with very faint glimmerings. We do not expect harvest in seed time! Many a sun must shine, and many a shower must fall before we reap the fruit of our labour. Do you not remember, that it was long after St. Peter had been a zealous disciple, that our Saviour said to him, 'When thou art converted, feed my sheep;' from whence we learn, that the Apostle was not at that time a converted man, although we cannot doubt that he was in the certain road to become one.

"Thou talk'st away famously," cried

Joseph. "Wherever didst thou learn all this?"

Betty, who considered William inspired, was almost shocked with Joseph's question; but, before she had time to make any comment, the youth, with a modest confusion, which indicated a sense of having spoken too much on a subject of so high a nature, replied,

"I learnt it at church, and in the Bible."

"*Church!*" cried Joseph, discontentedly: "how long hast thou gone to church, pray?"

"I have gone (every time I could obtain leave) ever since your daughter went to live at the rector's."

Joseph's features relaxed. "Thou might'st have done worse, that's for certain: in Mr. Wesley's time we went to church ourselves."

"I will go," said Betty, "when the days are longer; for it is certain, that if Madam Greville had been one of God's

own people, she could not have been kinder, or in every respect a better mistress to Mary than she is; and truly, bating that he's a church parson, I never knew any thing against his worship in my life."

CHAP. VIII.

- . Much was the man confounded in his mind,
Partly with shame, and partly with dismaye,
That all astonisht he himself did find,
And little had for his excuse to say.

SPENSER.

ALTHOUGH Mrs. Thorncliffe had happily no reason, from the conduct of Mr. and Mrs. Tomlinson, to conclude with part of her scandal-loving neighbours that she was become an unwelcome guest ; yet, after a time, when the most severe part of the shock was sustained, when a new, though humble prospect of subsistence, was opened to her husband, and, above all, employment given to his time and his mind, she considered that it would be desirable, on many accounts, that she should accept the repeated invitation of her only brother, a person of consider-

able property and much family attachment, who resided in the north of England; and thither she accordingly removed with part of her young family, the rest being detained with her sister until the father should be able to claim them.

The house in which Humphries resided adjoining the pottery, having been erected by Mr. Thorncliffe, with great attention to the comfort of the expected inhabitant, was now considered capable of affording himself good and convenient lodgings; and when he proposed removing thither on the evening after, his wife set out, no opposition to the scheme was suggested by his host; in truth, with his wife, had vanished all the feelings, or rather, assumed feelings of respect, with which he had been hitherto regarded; and as his habits of religious austeri-ty, still more than his personal sufferings, cast an air of gloom over the cheerful family of Mr. Tomlinson, who had now, for a very considerable time, submitted to it with great good tem-

per, it is not surprising, that no check was offered to his departure.

William had before this period become domesticated in the house of Humphries, and had strained every nerve to render the apartments prepared for his late master as comfortable as the nature of things admitted; many a time had he drawn the piece of green cloth, with which he had been favoured to pack his bed in at the sale, in every direction over the little parlour floor, of which it was the only carpet, to see if by any means it could be rendered a substitute for that common luxury; and many a time did he cast his eyes towards the road, in hopes of discerning Mr. Tomlinson's servant preceding his master, with some package of useful necessities of food or furniture.

These packages did not arrive; Mr. Tomlinson had been too substantially the friend of his brother-in-law to think of trifles; and Mrs. Tomlinson was too conscious of the kindness he had already

shewn *her* relatives, to trespass further upon him. She considered too, that Mr. Thorncliffe was going to his own people, with whom he would be happy, notwithstanding the difference of birth and education between them; and she was persuaded that his past kindness would insure him the grateful attentions of Humphries and his family, especially as the mistress of the house had been formerly in his service.

When Susan Kay was the house-maid of Mrs. Tomlinson, she was a smart, and indeed pretty girl, with so much of the rural coquet in her dress and manner, that it required all the cares of a judicious and kind mistress, to repress a disposition which tended to ruin an active and otherwise desirable servant. When the great change took place in the family already mentioned, it was concluded either that Susan should remove from a place little suited to her disposition, or be removed from it by superiors, who could not brook

the air of gaiety and vanity which characterized her. The latter circumstance was not, however, likely to take place with a kind and considerate mistress, so long as she fulfilled the duties of her station; and Susan, with all her vanity, and desire for gaiety and amusement, had too much sense to throw herself out of bread. She had also as much feeling as a very vain and selfish person can have; she mourned over the child that was lost, and sympathised with its mother. This sorrow being once visible to a preacher who visited the house, he imputed it to repentance, and addressed her as one who laboured under conviction. In the course of his harangue he called her the "fair Susanna," and insinuated, "how well it became youth and beauty to devote itself to heaven." Susan from that time began to think Methodists far from being disagreeable; she learnt to sing hymns, and happening

to have a strong, clear voice, was soon noticed for her zeal. A short time produced a mighty alteration : she had seen two pretty women in neat plaited caps, of a most becoming form, and heard them admired by the gentlemen, who still, at this early period, visited at her master's. Susan dropped the red top-knot and pink tammy petticoat, which had distinguished her hitherto, and got a drab-coloured bonnet. A clear lawn bordered her simpering face, and concealed the quick glances of an eye ever in search of admiration. Instead of wishing for a fair, or a dance, her sole delight was to attend the little meetings, where a few young people, like-minded with herself, were instructed in singing hymns, which, on the following Sabbath were exhibited to the less-gifted crowd, as if immediately inspired by heaven, to assist their conversion. The whole village pointed at Susan, and said, " Behold the change ! That girl used to run after every fiddle ; but since her con-

version her feet seek only the sanctuary."

This, however, was sought so continually, that what with the cares of meeting, and the cares of dress, the necessity of keeping up a high character for beauty and sanctity, (two ideas that always went together in Susan's mind,) the cares which really belonged to her as a servant were forgotten, and in a short time no indulgence could tolerate, no consideration overlook, the careless sluttishness, or the perpetual postponement of her work, which had taken place in her department; and Susan was at length, mildly, but firmly given to understand, "that a reform must follow the revolution, or her presence (it could not be said her *services*) would be dispensed with."

Susan had long given it as her private opinion, "that her mistress was ~~more~~ of a formalist, and very little better than a mere moral woman; that like Martha, she cared for much serving, and did not

duly estimate one, who like Mary had chosen the *better part*." — That she herself had made this choice she could not doubt, when she looked upon the increased consideration she had lately enjoyed, the liberty and the power which had belonged to her as the spiritual sister of her superiors; and she now felt this power to be so delightful, that she determined to perpetuate it by marriage, being well aware it could never be enjoyed in any other service.

Susan had several admirers at this time, but not one among them who could satisfy her ambition, by placing her in the situation to which she aspired, which was that of being the wife of a round or regular preacher. That yearly change of place, which is so distressing to many an amiable woman, whose most endearing friendships and domestic comforts are thus continually nipped in the bud, was to her light and vain mind, a most desirable object, since it offered the means

of exhibition on various theatres, and the power of dazzling innumerable votaries. As, however, this triumph was denied, Susan made a virtue of necessity, and as it appeared (like many of her sex in a much higher situation,) •

-“ She stooped ~~a~~ once,
“ And made a hearty meal upon a dunce.”

by accepting the hand of Jonathan Humphries, who was considerably older than herself, remarkably plain in his person, and uncouth in his manners, and of whom she observed, “ in her carnal days, she would not have touched him with the tongs.”

Happy had it been for poor Jonathan if those days had continued, since such was his sincere sense of duty, however, “ mixed with baser matter,” that if he had not been as much deceived by his bride’s flaming zeal as she herself was, he would have returned the compliment by refusing the hand which was in fact of-

ferred to him at last, as he had not the courage, though he did not want the inclination to ask for it.

If Susan had happened to have either affection or a sense of duty, as well as a profession of religion, she might have been happy and made her husband so; for although ignorant and superstitious, he was kind, active in his business, free from all vice, and willing that his wife should be sole mistress in his little mansion; but Susan, under a new form, was still vain, selfish, and immoderately fond of pleasure, which qualities she displayed by appropriating all her husband's gains to her own personal comforts, by visiting and junketting about from place to place, neglecting every domestic duty, and justifying all she did as cares, "due to her soul and the souls of those around her," and frequently adding to these provocations, by soundly rating her unfortunate helpmate, for errors supplied by

her imagination, and acted upon to support the system of tyranny she had adopted.

To Susan, therefore, may be fairly attributed whatever appeared morose in the manners, or unfeeling in the conduct of her husband; the tyranny he could not repel, from deficiency in courage or ability, acted in the way it generally does upon minds of a common stamp, it rendered him crouching in his submission, and despotic in command; a slave in his house, and a tyrant in his manufactory. A sense of religion, and a flaming profession of it, does not in such a person, include that regulation of temper which is, perhaps, the best proof of its real influence on the heart.

Mr. Thorncliffe entered his new habitation in the hour of twilight, which would have been the most favorable time, if it had not also been the time when the labours of the day being over, Humphries was gone to lead the class,

which consisted principally of his own fellow-workmen. Mrs. Humphries was gone to a distant preaching, and their two young children were consigned to the care of a little maiden, equally unable to soothe the fretful moanings of a sickly babe, or the obstreperous cries of its angry brother. The house had, therefore, to the new inmate, at once the confusion of multitude, and the desolation of solitude; there was not a voice to welcome him, nor even a kind look to console him; nor could he ward off the sense of loneliness and sorrow which oppressed him, by ameliorating the evils of those who added by their vociferation to his grief; for although really an affectionate father to children of a certain age, he had been ever too busy a man to interfere with the cares, or enjoy the pleasures of the

On the same account he had ever held himself free from all household cares, and it now struck him for the first time, that he

was neither provided with any food, nor had made any agreement with Humphries on that subject. The absence of both the master and mistress of the house, proved how little importance his arrival held in their eyes, and he could not help questioning how far a woman had a right to leave her own house under such circumstances, even to hear a celebrated preacher; he certainly knew one, whose absence was after all, the worst evil he experienced, who would on no account have sought her own comfort under such circumstances. The remembrance of *her* tenderness, *her* meekness, and of late *her* firmness and fortitude, came over his mind, accompanied with heart-breaking recollections of the sorrow he had caused, the unkindness with which he had treated her; and as, with hasty steps, he traversed the narrow bounds of his solitary dwelling, floods of tears rolled down his cheeks, and awak-

ened contrition 'rose to agony, which as it was unwitnessed, was unrestrained.

Violent grief soon exhausts itself, but its ravages were still visible in the exhausted, heart-stricken man, when William, opening the door very gently, appeared with a lighted mould-candle, which he placed on the little table, and then advancing to stir the fire, begged to know, "if his master would please to have his supper?"

Mr. Thorncliffe had put on his hat as the door opened; he suddenly took it off, and looked up as if a gleam of light opened on his benighted mind, first perceiving at that moment, that the crying of the children had ceased.

"Oh, William, that is you; I am glad to find you here; indeed, I expected to see you; but I found, — I found nobody, William."

William bowed a little — hemmed — endeavored to speak but he could not; the fact was, he had left Humphries in

the house, when he set out on a necessary errand to the neighbouring village, and had been equally hurt and surprised to find things in the state they were on his return; but his heart was too full for explanation.

“As to supper, William, you know I take very little; ’tis no matter, your mistress always—”

Mr. Thorncliffe would have said, “thought for me,” but at her name every fibre of his heart, still trembling with recent agitation, was unbraced, and he melted again into dissolving grief as he motioned for William to withdraw. The signal was obeyed; for the deep sympathy of the poor boy asked not less for retirement (where alone the burst of the full feelings can be indulged) than his master.

About half an hour afterwards Humphries returned, and on hearing from the girl that Mr. Thorncliffe was in the parlour, instantly went thither (in despite

of William's entreaties,) and neither knowing nor feeling, that a man's lodgings are his house, he instantly drew himself a chair to the fire, and began to converse on the affairs of the class he had just left, with the importance of its leader, and the vulgar consequence of new-found equality with his companion.

Never had Mr. Thorncliffe been so truly humbled, never so sensible of error, so contrite for it before God, or so anxious to atone for it to his creatures, as on this memorable night; and he now, with anxious sincerity, endeavoured so to school his heart as to subdue the sense of disgust, and almost indignation, which rose in it against poor Humphries, whom he repeatedly represented to himself as "a well-meaning man — a brother professor — a spiritual guide, to whom he ~~ought to submit~~;" every feeling revolted against his reasoning, and though pride and passion bowed before his self-command; his wounded sensibility refused

submission, and he felt that he should never be able to stoop in his poverty so low as he had done in his prosperity; and he was on the point of desiring to be left alone, when the striking of the clock reminded Humphries that it was time for him to set out for his wife, a long, wearisome walk, to which he had little relish, and which he would gladly have saddled William with; but on the first night of his master's arrival, he knew it would not be submitted to.

The moment Humphries left the room, William appeared, and the very sight of him soothed the irritation his master had so lately felt, while every kindlier sensation came over his breast, as the boy, spreading a clean napkin over the little round table, placed upon it a basin of gruel, thin toast, a pat of butter, and, finally, a nutmeg and a bottle of cherry; in the same way he had so often done it in former times. Mr. Thorncliffe mixed the gruel mechanically, but when he

tasted it, exclaimed, "bless, me! this is my own sherry, how came it here, William? 'tis the old sherry I bought on my marriage!"

"How did you get it?" was again repeated, before William, reddening with a shame not unmixed with pleasure, (since he perceived how welcome the beverage was,) confessed that he had purchased it at the sale for half its value, hoping the time would come, when either his master or mistress would be pleased with it.

Mr. Thorncliffe swallowed his gruel in large mouthfuls, to wash down, if possible, the rising in his throat, which again threatened to overwhelm him in tears, though of far different character from the last he had shed. Having conquered his emotion, and finished his supper, ~~per- at~~ the same moment, he hastily seized William's hand, which he shook heartily, saying with great difficulty, "my good fellow, I will finish this bottle for your

sake, but keep the rest of your stock till your mistress returns; she *must* return," added he, musing, "yes, she must come, even to this place, for I feel, William, that I cannot live without her."

William withdrew again, deeply affected, but pleased; it struck him, that if the active mind and energetic habits of Mr. Thorncliffe could be employed for the purpose of procuring little comforts for his wife in the way of preparing for her return, great ones might be effected in his own returning health and exertions in business. Young as he was, and incapable, perhaps, of defining his own perceptions, he yet justly estimated his master's character, and saw that he was a man neither endowed with calm fortitude, nor divine resignation, and that his habitual occupations rendered him incapable of finding relief in mental amusement, from the corroding anguish which preyed upon his mind, when he

contemplated his reduced family ; or the keen disappointment which irritated his feelings, when he reflected on the various schemes he had pursued for its aggrandisement. “ I see,” cried William, “ my master must always be at work with his head or his hands, and if he can find plenty to do, I am sure he will do well.”

Constantly acting upon the suggestion thus awakened, William never lost any opportunity of leading his lost master into some employment or contrivance, which at once prevented his mind from preying upon itself, saved him from many an hour of useless anguish, and kept afloat those warm affections, which, although they might sometimes quicken his sense of regret, yet doubtless sweetened every toil, and sustained hope in his heart. Thus engaged and supported, ~~he did~~ not yield to the selfish sorrow which at one time nearly induced him to entreat the speedy return of his wife;

but resolved to wait until he was enabled to receive her with the prospect of at least comparative comfort.

This resolution was the more praiseworthy, because every day served only to increase the disagreeable circumstances of his present situation. Susan was too entirely the mistress of her house, to remember the situation she had once held in Mr. Thorncliffe's, either as it respected her utility, or her menial capacity in it. Ever thinking of herself, the figure she should cut, and the name she should obtain; her house, children, husband, and lodger, were alike left to shift for themselves, whenever any plea offered for her gadding; and when she was at home, far from obviating the evils which had occurred in her absence, her time was occupied in preparing her own dress, scolding her husband, or practising a new hymn tune. Dirty rooms, ill dressed dinners, unwashed clothes, and crying children, were the daily trials of poor

Jonathan, at the very time his wife was cried up as a pattern of zeal and holiness; for she was ever forward to reprove all sin, remonstrate on all vanity, and “follow after all good things.” Bitterly did she reprimand a neighbour for “loose walking,” because the poor woman had neglected to pull a bit of black lace off an old cloak hood; and with the resolution of a martyr, did she walk five miles in the rain, singing before the corpse of a man she had never seen when living, whilst every duty at home was neglected, which belonged to the woman and the Christian.

Mr. Thorncliffe’s observations on Susan’s character frequently led him to make comparisons between her and himself, which were of real utility to him, though he was frequently glad to relieve his mind from thoughts so painful, by attending to William’s suggestions, who always could find some little matter in the garden, or the house, or even play-

things for the children, which could occupy them every leisure moment. The parlour had been improved by a cheap but handsome-looking paper, the floor was covered by an old carpet, which had been squared by the hands of the master; plants were placed in the windows on a newly painted board, and every appearance of improvement, as it was a labour snatched from the business of the day, gave a sense of utility and independence to Mr. Thorncliffe, which nature calculated him to enjoy; but when he considered it as a link which tended to re-unite him to his dear wife and family, his pleasure assumed a far more interesting form, and the tenderness which inspired his heart, so softened his manners and restored his early feelings, that William could scarcely believe him to be the man he had so often trembled to behold, and dreaded to hear.

The constant attention which William paid to his late master, in which the

kindness of a son, mingled with the submission and usefulness of a servant, was the principal cause of this happy effect; every day unfolded some proof of attention or respect, and showed in some endearing point of view, the goodness of disposition or soundness of judgment, possessed by our beggar boy. From Humphries Mr. Thorncliffe learned (but not in the way of praise,) that when William received his wages from Mr. Tomlinson, he had divided the pounds in equal portions, appropriating half to his mother and half to his master, reserving the silver for himself; the bed for Joseph, and a little assistance to the unfortunate child, had consumed Betty's share; the sherry and a few little matters which he knew his mistress partial to, had taken the other, so that on Mr. Thorncliffe's arrival at his lodgings, William had been so low in the pocket as to be utterly unable to do many little things which he wished, but the journey which he had

unwillingly taken to the village that evening, was to purchase a mould candle and a nutmeg, which he deemed indispensable to his master.

The exclusive attention which Mr. Thorncliffe gave to the manufactory, the energy he displayed in it, the softened tone of his manners, which yet appeared at times tinged with hope, and a cheerfulness he had now been a stranger to for some years, all combined to render Mr. Tomlinson satisfied and pleased with him; and his lady was particularly gratified with his evident desire of accommodating his wife as well as he was able. Of course he was often pressed to their house, but he seldom went, except to take a look at the two little girls who remained there, and were now become objects of great importance to him, as he declined spending the Sabbath there, from conscientious motives. One evening he was surprised and pained to find the children both removed, for Mrs. Tomlin-

son's son being seized with the measles, she had judged it necessary to send them out of the house, to save them from infection.

"But, my dear sister, why did you not send them to me?"

"Because I knew you could do nothing with them. I have seen enough of Humphries' children to know that. But they are now in the best of hands; Mrs. Greville, who has long meditated asking for them, is quite glad of the chance which put them into her care. She has appointed your William's sister (as I call her) to take charge of them, they are two miles nearer to you than they were, and, as there is no house where your visits can be more kindly received, it was not possible for them to be better placed."

True as all this might be, and undoubtedly was, Mr. Thorncliffe felt angry and looked discontented. He went home in worse humour than he had been for a

long time, and related the circumstance to William with much acrimony against Mrs. Tomlinson.

To this statement William made no other reply than that which evinced pity for little Tomlinson, and by this means led his master from his own trouble to that of his friend. When he perceived that his temper was better, he began to speak of Mr. and Mrs. Greville, and passed from their general kindness to their particular regard to him, as specified in the conversation held in William's presence with Mr. Hilton.

Shame, and something very like repentance, frequently flushed the cheek of Thorncliffe, as this recital proceeded; but on its conclusion, he observed, "that he must see the dear lambs," and "he believed he should go to church in the morning," adding, "you generally go there, William; but I would not have you go in the morning, it will look particular."

This was a vestige of his former fear of giving offence to his own sect. But William had no hesitation in complying with the injunction, being fully aware that, however the intelligence might be softened, it would give great offence to Humphries and many others, who, although they now little regarded what Mr. Thorncliffe suffered, or how he fared, would be unanimous in blaming what he did.

Mr. Thorncliffe went to church, but he purposely avoided arriving till the service was begun, and the congregation on their knees. He listened with profound attention to the liturgy, and, although he fancied for some time the sermon was cold and lifeless; yet, ere the conclusion, he confessed to himself that it was scriptural as well as sensible; and when, on stealing, rather than walking, out of the corner he had shut himself in, he found the warm hand of Mr. Greville pressing his, it had no fault at all.

Mr. Thorncliffe consented to dine at

the Rectory, and betwixt his children and his friends, found the day a very short one. He was surprised to find it nearly seven (which was the hour of meeting); and as that surprise evidently amounted to pain, Mr. Greville, who was aware of the cause, expedited his departure.

There had been many weeks since Mr. Thorncliffe first left his house, in which he had been unable to muster spirits enough to appear at the meeting-house; but, as he went nowhere else, there were not many comments made upon conduct so natural; people pitied or blamed him, according as their own share of firmness or sensibility led them to look upon the case. But now that he had been seen twice in his own parish church, had actually dined with the rector, under whose roof his children were placed, and came in late, with all the marks of having staid till the last moment, about him, universal anger was excited

against him, and looks of perturbed indignation met him from every side. Had he, instead of being an honest, though blaineable man, now bowed down by misfortunes such as his own hand was ever stretched out to relieve, been a malefactor of the deepest die; had he entered a house consecrated to prayer and praise, "reeking from the bed of adultery," or unwashed from the blood of murder, scarcely could more appalling glances have met his shrinking gaze from some of the congregation, or more of that quiet malignity from others, which seemed to say, "my triumph over you is as complete as the hatred I have borne you in secret until now."

Thorncliffe was a man calculated to feel this mode of torture in every nerve, his great sacrifices to popularity proved how highly he esteemed it. How short a time since, was he the glory and idol of this place? Here many an eye had watched for his gracious smile, and with proud

humility had he affected to call this man "brother," and the other man "friend." And, in *fact*, among all this crowd, whom had he injured; not one, yet all were offended.

The preacher for the evening had been, like ~~many~~ others, greatly benefited by him; but he had, at times, been too much about his person, not to have smarted occasionally under the sallies of his temper. He was a furious bigot, and easily caught the feelings of his congregation, and as his text, which was already taken, did not necessarily confine his eloquence to its subject, he lost no time in inveighing bitterly against all moral preachers, and all half Christians, "servers of God and Mammon, who divide themselves between the preachers of truth, and the father of lies;" and, after decrying poor Thorncliffe's character, and descanting upon it with a minuteness which resembled applying the severest torture to every part of the body where suffering

is most acute, he at length concluded, by removing the only consolation which remained for the criminal, by a long quotation from Baxter, in which he maintains, "that the misfortunes and sorrows of the unconverted are of no other use than to give them a foretaste of eternal torments, and, as it were, parboil them for everlasting damnation."

There is a point at which all oppression should stop, or it will inevitably lose its object. There had not been wanting a *few* who had regarded Thorncliffe with looks of corciliation on his first entrance; and these, by gentle and almost imperceptible movements, had worked themselves around him, as if to aid him in bearing the torrent of abuse thus poured upon him; and amongst these was a person who, having occasionally attended a Calvinist chapel, had been often designated by him an Antinomian, and of course abused by him in the same spirit which had dictated the lecture he had

heard given to himself. From the moment the distressed, indignant, and agitated man, cast his eyes upon this person, a new and distinct grief settled upon his heart, which had the effect of subsiding every other ; he saw distinctly what "manner of spirit," had been hitherto in himself, and he accepted the punishment as coming from a far higher source than the pigmy hand which dealt it — the awful serenity which his countenance assumed, the manliness and patience which appeared to overspread his features with an expression perfectly distinct to his wonted character, had the effect of disarming every hostile look, and where such looks had been given, rather by self-conceit than malignity, the blush of shame succeeded them ; many hands were held half out in friendly greeting ; but too much absorbed by the world within, to be excited by that without, Mr. Thorncliffe passed onward in appa-

rent composure to the door, a deeply humbled, yet a dignified man.

The evening turned out very rainy, yet he passed through all the whispering crowd at the door, without hearing the sigh with which some observed, that "he had no carriage now," or the sneer with which others observed, "he must be warm enough without a great coat." But the evils of the body will make themselves felt, and after half a mile of slow walking and deep thinking, he was just beginning to wish for an umbrella, when a young lad behind him who could scarcely breathe from the haste with which he travelled, offered him one.

"Where did you get it my, boy? How came you here?"

"I am Betty Allen's boy, she sent me to borrow it," and she begs you will tie this handkerchief round your throat, if you please, Sir."

“Where is William, has he not been at the meeting?”

“No, Sir; he always goes to church some part o’ the day, so he went this afternoon, and his worship told him to drink tea with the maids, cause he took the little ladies some cups and saucers for their dollies. Mother says, she is main glad he was out o’ the way to night, but I don’t know what for.”

Mr. Thorncliffe *did*, and a slight sense of self-gratulation stole over the sense of anguish which still thrilled his heart, as he reflected on the unceasing attention and respect with which one human being, at least, regarded him. The kindness too of Mr. Greville affected him, and after revolving on all that had passed that night in his own mind, the persecution, which, though he had ceased to resent, he yet could not forget, that he had endured, together with that show of sincere kindness which had been,

even in defiance of the higher powers, accorded him from many of his humble brethren, he determined to throw himself on the friendship and kindness of his parish priest, and seek, in his knowledge and christian charity, for the spiritual guide and earthly friend, he was sensible he wanted.

It will be readily supposed, that many feelings of false shame, many proofs of irresolution, pride, vexation, and indefinable anxiety, arose in the breast of Mr. Thorncliffe, before he was enabled to speak with freedom to Mr. Greville, but having obtained sufficient self-conquest for that purpose once, his path was afterwards easy, and that necessity for venting all his feelings, which appeared a part of his nature, found in his pious and judicious counsellor, the staff on which he could lean alike for instruction and consolation. Without forsaking the meeting, (or in any way showing the slightest resentment for that ungenerous

treatment, which, though it was just retaliation for some of his many sins of tongue and temper, was yet unmerited from him who inflicted it,) he found his best comforts and his purest devotions arise from his visits to the Rectory, whither he was frequently attended by William; to whom Mr. Greville had the kindness to lend various books calculated to give such a portion of useful knowledge, as was consistent with his situation in life, and capable of perusal at such periods as he could command time for.

In the meantime, poor Betty Allen and her young charge were struggling with many difficulties, for William at this period could not help them, and Charley, unlike his predecessor, could not help himself. Under the care of Betty, he, indeed, grew rapidly, but he was slender and fragile in his person, and from having been under the daily command and

unhappy instruction of his mother, (or rather, the woman who adopted and abused that sacred name,) he had never been accustomed to try his own powers in any honest or laborious way, and he leaned with the helplessness of early infancy, on the kindness of his protector.

“Make a man of yourself,” was William’s constant exhortation whenever they met, and Charley so far profited by it, as to show that in a very short time, he could write as well *as* the copies which William gave him; in fact, he gave proof of facility in this respect beyond his instructor, which Betty, with apparent justice ascribed to the state of his fingers, which had never been hardened by labour, for in learning to read or cast accounts, he did not give equal proofs of capacity with William; it was painful to this youth to see his dear mother labouring for the support of this boy, at a time when her husband again lay almost help-

less on her hands; but he comforted her, and cheered his own spirits by the reflection, that he was now really becoming master of a business which would enable him to support them all, and as through his mediation, Joseph's daughter had become reconciled to Charley's reception in the family, and helped them as much as Betty would permit her, in the midst of their wants, they had that comfort, often wanting in the midst of plenty; domestic peace.

Mr. Thornecliffe, conscious how truly his wife would rejoice to see the terms he now held with the family at the Rectory, and having prepared (to the utmost stretch of his power) for her reception, now ventured to press her return. His letters had been, during their absence, so uniformly kind, and gradually disclosed such an improved state of mind, that her brother became much interested for *him*, as well as that dear and estimable woman whose fate was linked

with his ; and he determined on returning with his sister for the purpose of personal communication with Mr. Tomlinson, and to aid that gentleman's endeavours for promoting their relief, finding that even his creditors were satisfied as to his character.

Upon their arrival, although Mrs. Thorncliffe duly estimated and tenderly thanked her husband for all his cares for her accommodation, and, with sincere gratitude to heaven, beheld that change in him, which could compensate to her for every other ; yet it was not possible for her brother to behold her entering such a home without feelings of poignant anguish. Having observed narrowly the conduct of Thorncliffe, and questioned all around, (especially William) closely, as to their opinion both of the manufactory and its master, he determined on re-taking Mr. Thorncliffe's late residence, which he was able to obtain for an easy rent, furnishing it

with necessaries, and placing Mrs sister and her children there immediately.

This plan was put in execution so rapidly, that Mr. Thorncliffe was not aware of it, until the hour which reconducted him to a home which was dear to him as a birth-place, and one in which he had spent many happy days ; but it was not till he beheld his wife seated with the two little ones, from whom she had been forced to wander, that he felt the tide of grateful pleasure swell to his heart, such an acquisition naturally awakened. " I thank you," said he, eagerly, turning to the donor, " for my house, for I know now the value of a home — but it is my wife — it is her only that renders it —"

He would have said, " how dear ;" but overwhelming feelings of tenderness, affection, shame for the past, and hope for the future, alike overcame him, and he rushed suddenly away from the pre-

sence that oppressed him, to be followed, soothed and re-assured, by her whose voice was balm to his soul, and solace to his heart.

CHAP. VIII.

Concealed within an unsuspected part,
The vainest corner of our own vain heart,
For ever aiming at the world's esteem,
Our self-importance ruins its own scheme.

COWPER

WHEN Mrs. Thorncliffe's brother bade her adieu, he informed her, that as she had now a suitable habitation, he should send the two children, whom he had intended to keep some time, with their nurse-maid, to her care, but would fulfil his original promise, by providing for their support. It will be readily conceived that this plan was much the most agreeable to the mother, who in a short time found herself surrounded by all the objects of her tenderest regard, in the place where her tenderest affections had been originally drawn towards them, and

which was therefore much endeared to her. It is true this place was shorn of all those beams, which, in the eyes of a still young and handsome woman, too frequently are the most fascinating rays that gild her establishment. There was neither to be found fashionable furniture, attentive servants, commodious carriages, nor luxurious viands; the adulation of dependants, the voices of friends, even the gay air, which pertains naturally to a full and well-fed household, was heard and seen no more. Many rooms were alike unfurnished, and uninhabited, and the rustic servant, whose heavy foot was distinctly heard, as she pursued her distant occupations, seemed to mark the solitude of her unpeopled domain, and ring the knell of departed wealth and popularity.

Yet, when by degrees, one after another of her former neighbours called in upon "poor Mrs. Thorncliffe," almost dreading to meet that dejected counte-

nance, which even in her best days had worn the traces of melancholy, they were surprised to find themselves received with a face whose tranquil smile, though it conveyed no encouragement to those who might deem it the prelude to returning prosperity, indicated a heart so perfectly at rest, and so capable of sober enjoyment; so thankful to God, and so at peace with man; that it threw a kind of golden glow over the altered scenes around, and combined with the natural hilarity of the lovely children which were ever found near her, who was their only preceptress, to remove all sense of desolation from their dwelling. The benevolent beheld this with joy, the curious with surprise, and the malignant with disgust; but all concurred in allowing the fact, and expressing their wonder, "how any body could be so easy under such circumstances?"

Mrs. Thorncliffe could have told them in few words, "that in losing one good,

she had gained another, for which she had a preference." Her husband, naturally warm-hearted, was now devoted to her and his children; she had become to him that world, in which, for so long his hopes, fears, wishes, and desires, were centered; his heart was hers; his time was spent either with her, or for her, and that restless, bustling, and over-occupied mind, being relieved from its load of care, had time to expand in the society of a family, whose increasing powers, as well as their wants, called perpetually for parental care, while they bestowed in return, the simplest yet the dearest pleasures a parent's heart can know; and often did the father's rise to heaven, with mingled humility, contrition, praise, and devotedness, such as had been unfelt till now.

A change was at this time also taking place in the house of Humphries, which bore a promise, to the eye, at least. On the removal of his late lodger, and the superior

situation he evidently bore in the manufactory, many preachers, and others of his sect, whose inclination or duties called them into these parts, found in his house a succedaneum for that which they had lost in Mr. Thorncliffe's. This induced Susan to renew a little of her former exertion, in rendering the apartments tidy, and becoming a kind of rival to a Mrs. Hill, in the neighbourhood, at whose house the preacher had lately lodged, and who was a quiet, sickly woman, devoid of all exhibition, but so truly good and praiseworthy, that her virtues had frequently been spoken of in Mrs. Humphries's presence, to her great annoyance.—Just as she was beginning to improve a little in these respects, it so happened, that a Mr. Taylor, who was truly a pious, and sensible man, alike independent in his principles and fortune, and who was looked up to among the Methodists in that neighbourhood, as a father in the church, and a bounteous donor to many of its

members, slept at the house of Humphries, as he was on a journey; and as he well knew the character of the parties, he took care, in the course of the evening, to introduce a subject which led to the discussion of female duties. Susan, proud to exhibit her attendance at meetings of every description, launched out into the difficulties she sustained to carry this point, observing, "that even her husband threw stumbling-blocks in her way:" "what would you say, Sir?" cried Susan, triumphantly, "if I had told you, as I did my class leader, last night, that I came out of the house as it were by force; my husband wanted me to stay at home so much." "I would have said, then go home and *obey* your husband," said Mr. Taylor.

Susan started; the tone, calm but severe, said more than even the words seemed to imply; but when the speaker went on to observe, "that a woman's most important duties were confined,

generally speaking, to her own household; and that our heavenly father, being ever consistent in what he required from his people, could not be supposed to ask public worship, at a moment when perhaps the strongest natural claims and most immediate household cares, demanded our time and attention; “she began to show obvious marks of discontent, and could not forbear muttering one or two of those texts of Scripture, which a ready memory furnished her with, against worldly cares, and *women* being of as much value in the sight of God, as *men* were, if the Scriptures were true.

“I have no desire to disparage your sex,” answered Mr. Taylor; “but I would advise you to sit at home and read your Bible now and then, by which you will learn how godly women used to employ themselves for your example; you will there learn, that while Abraham entertained angels, ‘Sarah abode in her tent,’ that Rebecca was employed in domestic

offices. In the New Testament, we find Lydia praised for similar conduct; Dorcas for making garments for the poor, which surely implies, that she staid at home either to work, or make others work; and even in the great example, ever on the lips of those who seek an excuse for conduct (which generally originates in idle restlessness, or selfish indulgence) that of Mary and Martha; we ought to observe, that the fault of the latter lay in rendering the serving *too much* an object of care, to the exclusion of higher interests; she was not blamed for serving her guests, but for being *cumbered with much* serving; consider too, that her situation never can apply to you or any other woman in a Christian land; she was called upon by the Lord of Life himself, to listen to *new* doctrines, imbibe *new* precepts, and become a witness to the most awful and interesting facts, which have appeared since the foundation of the world; but godly women in our day,

can only follow in a prescribed path ; and their positive duty, their highest honour, is never to step out of it."

" It all stands to reason," said William to himself ; but the last word being un- luckily uttered, in a tone which caught Susan's ear, she hastily observed to him what she felt afraid of saying to her monitor, " Carnal *reason*, William, has nothing to do with religion."

" Do not deceive yourself, sister," said Mr. Taylor, in a gentle tone ; " it is true, religion is above reason, but not, therefore, without it, much less contrary to it : do not deceive yourself, depend upon it the life of a Christian is not to be governed by the feelings of the hour, but by the written word of God, by which alone the motions of our spirits can be tried. I would as soon believe the highwayman, who told me that he was inspired to take away my purse, as I would the mother, who told me she was led by God to leave a sick child, or disregard

the wants of her husband ; for although far different in degree, the principle is alike in opposition to the written laws of God, and the spirit of the Gospel. Beside situation in life should always be taken into the account, a man can no more spare his wife's *time*, than he can spare other property ; and I am sorry to say, in the town where I live, where I witness the perpetual gadding, and domestic deficiencies of women professing godliness, I am often compelled to make comparisons of them, with their neighbours much to their disadvantage ; not but I often blame their husbands equally, for *permitting* such conduct."

Humphries gave a deep groan, and his wife a kind of convulsive hysterical *hem*, which sufficiently proved, that the lecture was felt at least by each party ; and Mr. Taylor, who wished not to give one moment's pain beyond what the case called for, spoke no further on the subject during his stay ; and his manners were so

marked by urbanity and kindness, and he was a man who stood so high in public esteem, that Susan determined on so far adopting his advice as to merit his praise. She was already aware that every man is partial to his own convert, and she hoped, by her apparent humility, to win her way to an acquaintance with his family, which would place her far above the general circle of her humble neighbours.

But Susan's vanity called for daily food, and now she began to live at home, she was not sorry to find that home boasted an inhabitant of more intelligence and attraction, than she was wont to find. Our poor beggar was now, as it was supposed, about eighteen, he was tall and well made; his complexion was still lark, but his countenance was prepossessing, and his black eyes, though penetrating, were full of that kindness of expression which influenced his every action. This kindness was particularly shown to the children of the family, whom he had

helped to nurse for many a wearisome hour, especially the younger, because, though less agreeable, it was more an object of compassion than its brother. This trait in William's character induced Susan to win his attention, on what she conceived to be his weak side; and being well aware that her caro sposo, notwithstanding his docility in the house, contrived, by the peevishness of his temper, to render those under his care very uncomfortable in the manufactory, she thought it no difficult matter to show off with the unsuspecting youth as a suffering saint, who, however, appearances might go, was in some secret and mysterious way tormented by her husband.

It was not difficult for Susan to awaken pity in one, who, though naturally of a strong mind, was too young and too innocent, for suspicion, and too much a stranger to the effects of vanity to suspect how far it will go to attain its object; and Susan was herself too ignorant to be

aware, how much she might be led beyond her first wishes. She now paid William every kind of attention most calculated to win his regard, or charm his senses; the best of every thing was reserved for him, his comforts ever attended to, his very wishes prevented, and the house, from being the abode of a slattern, was become as neat as its mistress, who was ever seen delicately clean, and with that kind of smiling countenance which indicates a desire to bury every sigh in the presence of an object for whom a sensation is felt too tender to be acknowledged, and too ardent to be concealed.

It was impossible for William now not to attend Susan to meeting on Sundays, because Jonathan went to a distant village to preach; as he never had attended meeting on working days, how could he do better, when the hours of labour were over, than sit and read to Susan? She mended *his* clothes, it was but right that

he should nurse *her* children ; it was natural for him to show all his knowledge of his business, and his plans for improvements in it, to one who always heard him with patience, and understood what he was saying ; and it became also natural, that he should relate his early sorrows to one who so sincerely sympathised in every thing which he related, and who so generously repressed her own troubles, lest they should afflict her friend, or reflect upon a husband who was evidently unworthy of her.

This husband, finding himself more comfortable in his house than he had ever been since his marriage, was disposed to rejoice in every circumstance that appeared to have contributed to so good an end, and William had an abundant share of the gratitude he really felt. In order to prove that he had a sincere regard for him, he contrived to put certain work into his hands, by which it was possible that he might gain some money

wherewith to assist his friends; but he was a little surprised to find, that this work, which William had repeatedly been most anxious to obtain, was neither received with that pleasure, nor pursued with that avidity, which had, up to the present period, formed so striking a part of his conduct, in every thing which offered assistance to his dear mother, who, from her increased burden, never wanted it more than now.

“How happens it we never see William?” said Mrs. Thorncliffe to her husband. “Have you seen nothing of William yet?” was every Sunday the question of Mary Allen to the new nursemaid, who had brought up Mrs. Thorncliffe’s children from the country, and who, while she asked the question, felt at least the pretty stranger should answer “Yes,” yet was cruelly disappointed at the “No,” which constantly followed.

“William has left off going to church

ever since I began to go there," said Betty Allen to Joseph, "which seems rather hard upon me, but however I hear of him being constantly at meeting, so I ought not to grumble; not but I really do think His Worship's sermons might do him as much good as they used to do, for I get to understand him better and better, and so I shall tell William."

"Thee hadst better be quiet and let things alone; how does thee know which way his heart may be touched at this time? Thee little thinks how he may be drawn!—not but I must say this, that there never was a time when he showed so little kindness to us, for he hardly ever looks in to see how we are going on, and when he does come, he seems as uneasy as a cat on a bakestone; there be no rest till he's off, and that's what I call improper conduct;—and for that matter when my daughter comes, she's all for sighing, and soneing, and never sitting a while, so that if it wasn't for this poor

bit of a lad that keeps us up, I don't see any comfort we should have among them."

Betty, in a manner where sorrow contended with patience, assented to the truth of the observation, hoping that by and by things would be better.

CHAP. IX.

————— Nature craves,
All dues be rendered to the owners; now,
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband?

SHAKSPEARE.

MR. Thorncliffe had been too long habituated to seeing William about him, and had too sincere a regard for him not to remark his absence, and particularly to notice the circumstance of his neglecting to avail himself of the extra-work in the manufactory, for which he knew he had often wished, at a time when the state of the concern forbade him to be gratified.

A little observation showed him the true state of the case, he beheld the poor youth, sliding as it were by impercepti-

ble degrees, into certain destruction; and whilst he determined to snatch him from it, he yet sought to do it in such a manner as should preserve him from even the contemplation of the evil into which he was so unwittingly falling.

William was accordingly much surprised on being one day told by Humphries, "he was sorry to lose him, but Mr. Thorncliffe meant him to go to the Hall for the rest of his time; and as Mr. Tomlinson was of opinion it was right, to be sure *he* could say nothing against it."

William felt himself in an universal glow, and a pang seemed to strike through his heart, such as he had never felt before, for shame was mingled with the pain; but he knew not wherefore, nor did he know why he was angry, yet he certainly felt intense indignation with every person who had any hand in what he thought, an act of tyranny. Unwilling that the state of agitation in which he

felt himself, should be seen by Humphries, whose perceptions of every kind, were none of the quickest, he hastily left the house, and without a distinct intention of any kind, pursued his way to the cottage.

The pleasure with which his appearance was hailed, reminded him how much he was a stranger, and many other circumstances told him, that "if he had been the son he used to be, things would have gone better in the cottage," although Elizabeth made no complaints, but on the contrary, offered him a basin of soup, which Mary had brought them, she said, "not ten minutes before he entered." He then eagerly enquired, "which way she was gone," and on being informed, he followed, and was not long before he saw her in a lane, near the house, as she had stopped to speak to Mr. Thorncliffe's nurse-maid, who was walking with the children. Their progress appeared to have been stayed by an old soldier, from whom

they had just parted, and after whom they were all earnestly gazing, in a contrary direction to that which William was taking.

William did not approach this little party, with the gay step and lively greeting, which he was wont to use; the ebullition of anger was gone, but a sense of grief, the cause for which was indefinite to himself (or nearly so) remained. He had no one to blame, for he was well aware, that Mr. Thorncliffe had every reason to consider, that he had done him a kindness—but then poor Mrs. Humphries! how would she lament his absence, and what might she not suffer when he was gone? William's painful contemplation was interrupted by the voices of those whom he approached, and who were in earnest conversation.

“You say very true,” observed the new maid, to Mary, in reply to something he had not heard, “and if I had parents, I should think every penny I had got,

due to them; but dear heart! I have none, and somehow, I never can see an old soldier without giving him something; my own father was a soldier, Mary—the first friend I ever had was one; and if I have a relation left in the wide world, most likely—I fear at least, he is a soldier too, before this time.”

The soft and frequently faltering voice in which these words were uttered, came over William's senses, like long remembered sounds, and the words deeply affected him, as applying to his own situation in life; he stepped up with the impulse of newly-awakened curiosity, and after bidding good-day to Mary, gazed upon her companion with an earnestness which induced her to quicken her pace, and turn with a deep and somewhat angry blush from his too scrutinizing eye.

William, as he now walked silently by Mary, was compelled to hear the many negative errors, of which he had been

guilty; "he had *never* been to ask, whether she was dead or alive, he had *never* returned the books her master had lent him, he had *never* shewn his face at church, he had *never* sat half an hour with her poor father—in short, nobody could believe he was the same person, he was full as like Duke William on a sign post, as William Warren."

At the last words, the stranger turned round, and suddenly advanced towards them, then stopped; bewildered, agitated, and breathless, unable to speak, yet evidently labouring with words of the utmost importance, and turning so pale, that she appeared on the point of fainting.

"For God's sake, what is the matter" cried Mary

"Surely," she replied with difficulty, "you called this young man *Warren*."

"Yes, to be sure, I did, for that is his name, though many people give him my name of Allen, which to be sure he has no right to, nor indeed do I suppose he

wishes to have the same name with me now-a-days."

The latter part of the sentence was lost on her to whom it was *apparently* addressed, who continued to look on William, with an earnestness far exceeding that with which he had regarded her. At length by a violent effort, she regained sufficient composure to say, "I beg pardon for being so particular, but my own name is Warren, and I have a brother somewhere, and I thought—I remembered—I know not what to say,—I am Betsy Warren."

"My Betsy, my sister, — my own, *own, dear little girl*, risen from the dead," cried William, as with trembling eagerness he now seized her hand, gazed on her features; and at length, overcome with past and present emotions, wept like an infant. Assured that she indeed beheld her long lost brother, the still timid and gentle girl, gave way to almost frantic joy, till checking herself, she turned her tearful eyes to heaven, and thanked God

that her prayers were answered, with a voice and manner, which proved, that whatever had been the trials of her early years, she had learnt, to “remember her Creator in the days of her youth.”

Mary subdued, gratified, by this interesting discovery, appeared little less affected than the parties themselves. William’s late unkindness was all forgotten, and his former virtues seemed to range themselves in battle array, against all future reproaches; and the affecting delight, the touching and natural joy he felt on recovering that sister, (whose name in the innocence of his heart, he had frequently transferred to her, as the only substitute he could find), appeared to her mind, a guarantee for the return of all his former predilections.

“But they said you were dead, Betsy? and I left you so very ill, and in the power of such a tyrant too, that it appeared but too likely to be true — yet here you are, so tall!” — William had

nearly added, ‘and so pretty,’ “that I can scarcely believe my own eyes,—yet your voice struck me, the moment I heard you speak, and your eyes too, are the same, only not quite so blue,—and can you remember Sergeant Hallam, Betsy?—but I know you do—aye! you are the same kind, grateful hearted little creature you always were.”

A turn in the road now obliged Mary, much against her will, to part with this happy pair; but she left them with a lighter heart than she had felt for some weeks; and her departure opened the lips of both brother and sister in her praise. “She has been the kindest friend to me ever since I came a stranger into these parts, that ever was known. We became acquainted at church, and through the children as it were, because her mistress frequently sends her over to see the two who were nursed at their house a while; and, what is very odd, William, she was always talking of you when we got to-

gether, just as if she had foreseen what was to happen ; yet she never by any chance dropped your name of Warren till the time when she scolded you," said Betsy.

William observed, " That was very natural, for the only name he was known by was that of Betty Allen's son ;" and he added, in a low and agitated tone, " have you, Betsy, ever heard or seen any thing of our mother ?"

The poor girl, with equal emotion, answered, " That she had never heard of her, or learnt that she had made any enquiries after her forsaken children ; but," she added, " I once saw a woman with a basket on her arm, selling pins and laces, whom for a moment I fancied might be her ; especially as she looked at me with a kind of surprise, and almost terror, which I shall never forget ; but she instantly passed on, and was gone out of sight and hearing before I had time to recover my astonishment ; and so short

was the time for me to observe her, that perhaps I was wholly mistaken."

William, with a deep sigh, replied, "It might be so, for surely their mother would have gladly owned her, or endeavoured to learn whether she was her child or not."

"I have my doubts of that," said Betsy, with a faint smile; "for I was not then in the happy situation you see me now, William; I was pale and ragged, and every way forlorn, for it was not more than a year after we parted."

William, with a heart that ached at the recollection of the past; even through its pleasures of the present, would not enquire further into Betsy's history at this time, for they were now near the house, and he perceived Mr. and Mrs. Thorncliffe coming out to meet their children, the youngest of which was in William's arms. In a few minutes they were acquainted with the happy discovery of this near relationship between two servants,

for whom they had a sincere regard. Although William was, from his known services and long attachment, paramount in their esteem, and it was pleasant to them to reward his merit by protecting his sister, his master could not help hinting to him how much pleasure he had lost from not looking in as he used to do ; but the deep blush which mantled over his ingenuous features, told him there was no occasion to touch upon that topic, it was painful enough already.

In the bustle of departure, the young man had bade a very hasty farewell to Humphries and his wife, (who happened to be both in the house), with the promise of seeing them soon again ; a promise easily, and, indeed, almost inevitably fulfilled, from the vicinity of their dwelling to the manufactory. The discovery of his only and beloved sister, naturally formed the subject of conversation the first time he called ; but even the warmth of his own feelings in claiming Susan's

sympathy in his happiness, could not prevent him from seeing, that she heard of his new connection with coldness and ill-suppressed vexation, although she expressed an earnest desire to become acquainted with Betsy; and, agreeable to the conceited manners which she had so long assumed, observed, "It was a duty which William owed the poor lost girl, to lead her to one, who could instruct her in the paths of peace."

On these words the poor boy deeply pondered; he felt that whatever she might do for his sister, she had been the loss of *peace* to him; in spite of Betsy's presence, of the smiles of his good mistress, the caresses of her beloved children, and the daily improvement of the business, there was still a weight in his bosom which he could neither examine nor remove. He was at once drawn, as by habit, to Susan, and yet repulsed as by reason and feeling from her. One thing, at least, he felt assured of, that, notwith-

standing all his pity for her, which was, in fact, the sole cause of his partiality to her, she was an improper companion for his sister.

Just as this thought passed William's mind, he was met by Betty Allen, who told him, with great reluctance, that she was compelled at length to apply to the parish for assistance, and was then on her road to the overseer, whom she dreaded to meet, lest he should compel her to send poor Charley away, before he would grant her any relief for Joseph. William started from this information, as if a serpent had crossed his path; and the horror which his features expressed at the moment was almost terrifying to poor Betty, who bitterly repented that she had told him of her distress. As soon as he was able, he wrung her hand, and with a voice faltering with an excess of anguish, which only self-reproach could have awakened, told her to return home, and depend upon relief that very evening,

since, though penniless himself, he knew Betsy had the power of assisting him with a trifle.

“And soon, very soon,” said he, struggling with himself, “I shall be able to bring you something of my own earning; and then, mother, *then* you will see William at the cottage as you used to do.”

Betty turned upon him eyes full of tears, but also full of unutterable tenderness, and that perfect confidence which, content to repose upon the simple promise of those whom it loves, questions neither the past nor the future, she returned home comparatively happy, though it was to encounter complaints she could not soothe, and to witness wants she could not relieve; but so terribly acute were the feelings of William at this moment, that if he had not been compelled to rush into business, he felt that they would completely unfit him for that exertion he was so anxious to make.

That very evening he began with

eagerness to employ himself on the long neglected work, which would enable him to rescue from distress his more than mother; and though he went home fatigued, and almost faint with the extraordinary exertions and emotions he had experienced during the day, yet his heart seemed lightened of half its load. Every evening saw him still thus employed, and his only fear was now, lest he should too soon finish the work thus set apart for him, or that a share of it should be claimed by one of the many apprentices now employed in the manufactory. This was not however the case; the business was every day improving, and orders poured in abundantly, Mr. Thorncliffe exercising upon it all his ability; and, encouraged by success to acquire knowledge in it, rendered it more productive than could, in so early a stage, and with a small capital, have been expected.

But the circumstance which soon rendered William's gains more certain was

the great improvement in his business, which he evinced in forming those articles upon which he wrought during his hours of overwork. Whether this arose from his extreme anxiety to perform his labour well, because he was fearful of losing it; or from having, in the loneliness and silence of the manufactory at a period when he was almost alone in it, the power of thinking more and contriving better, we know not; but it is certain, that during these hours he made several considerable improvements, which being beneficial to his employers, as such were paid for by them, as an encouragement to his talents as well as his industry; so that in a short time he again experienced the satisfaction of removing every difficulty from his beloved mother, while his own heart, free from every thralldom, could exult in the happiness he bestowed; and his mind, seeking, with increased avidity, the means of instruction the more its time for such enjoyment was cur-

tailed, every day improved in power, or increased in knowledge.

One evening as William was exhibiting in the kitchen at the hall, a coffee-cup with a new-shaped handle of his own turning, which was still unbaked; Betsy, who admired it much, traced with the needle in her hand, a kind of border which William was much pleased with. "It is," said Betsy, "the pattern of the child's frock I have been mending, I could always trace things I saw with a pen or a pencil, very neatly; indeed I used to do a great deal of pattern drawing for that old woman who was so cross to me."

"Indeed!" cried William, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, "you are the very person we want, for all our crockery is as well made, and of as good a material as any body's, but we can get no good workmen in that line; our cups and saucers are all covered with hideous things, crosses and squares, and yellow

strawberries; it makes me just wild to look at them."

"But you would'nt take me into the manufactory, William, surely? you would'nt have me leave the children?"

William thought for some time in silence, and at length answered, "indeed Betsy I *would* have you in the manufactory if I thought you could do us essential service there; because that would be the best means of really serving the children and their parents too, and I think, with me so near you, to take care of you, there could be no danger to yourself; I would only wish you to go in, until you had instructed others, and" —

Williams reasons were cut short by the entrance of his master, who on learning the subject of their conversation, and perceiving Betsy's delineation on the coffee-cup, entered with still more than William's enthusiasm on the subject; and on showing it to Mrs. Thorncliffe, she

expressed herself not only pleased with Betsy's neat performance, but very much vexed with herself, for having never endeavoured to obviate the want of patterns, which her husband was so frequently lamenting, by endeavouring to exercise her own ingenuity, especially as she had formerly been considered a proficient in drawing.

Ever eager in the prosecution of a new scheme, though happily schooled in his mode of conducting it, Mr. Thorncliffe, on the following day, did not fail to put his wife's abilities to the test; and her readiness to oblige him seemed to give her a new claim on his affections, and strengthen the tie which bound them to each other, by giving them an object of mutual care and discussion. After several pleasing patterns Mrs. Thorncliffe at length succeeded in producing one of very superior attractions, and she then lost no time in giving Betsy the necessary instructions, and found her so docile

in attending, and so neat in executing what was given her to do, that she was readily pronounced a great acquisition to the concern ; and her accommodation at the manufactory was rendered so retired, comfortable, and every way respectable, that the most timid and fastidious could not possibly object to it. Two young girls and a boy, were placed under her guidance, and the facility which constant practice bestows, soon enabled her to produce such work, as to give promise of rivalling the most admirable productions of the celebrated manufactories.

“ Now, now ! ” cried William exultingly, as he took a basin from the hands of Betsy, “ I see what can be done for Charley, he can make strokes and squares as well as these, if he is once shown how to do it ; the young rogue made round o’s and w’s a thousand times better than I could long since, and what are these blue lines ? but x’s and v’s and such like, combined into bordering ? ”

Charley was admitted, and soon evinced the kind of talent for which William gave him credit; and to the great surprise of poor Joseph, received as much money for sitting in a chair, scribbling with a blue stick, as if he had worked like a slave. Happily the effect of confinement, generally prejudicial to the health of youth, was obviated both to Betsy and Charley, from the circumstance of each continuing to sleep at their former homes; and as the wages of the little boy were paid to poor Betty, she was enabled to clothe him decently; and increase all his comforts along with her own, which supporting him for so long a period, had grievously diminished.

William had, during this time, learned at different periods, (for often was the sad tale interrupted by her tears, or broken in upon by the duties of her station,) all that had befallen Betsy during their long absence; and it appeared to them both, that it was the death of her first

mistress, which occurred a month or two after William absconded, which had in all probability occasioned the report of her *own* death, which had been so painful to her brother. In the stile and orthography practised by poor Betsy's amanuensis, such an error was easily made; he found that the death of one tyrant only made way for another, and Betsy's return to the poor-house, had led to scenes of cruelty, and fears of still greater; which, in all the most painful circumstances, she concealed from her brother, but she informed him, that the old woman's advice, ever to prefer a private servitude to that of a manufactory, had continued still to operate so strongly upon her mind, that she had been ever enabled to evade it, to and pass her infant years under the protection offered by a mistress, though frequently administered by those who showed little of the humanity, or the cares, incident to such a situation.

It was not her first violent lady, whom

Betsy designated her cross mistress, but one whose tedious fretfulness of temper had rendered her life still more intolerably painful, but who had eventually benefited Betsy, by consigning her to a relation who was well aware of her temper, and had with truly Christian kindness healed the wounds she had inflicted, and raised up the trembling and half-stupified child, to health, activity and intelligence, and at length parted with her to Mrs. Thorncliffe, (whom she considered in a superior rank to herself,) because she desired to benefit her, by a more advantageous situation.

One evening when William was walking home with Betsy, and adverting to his own history, when he first trod those fields bare-foot, pennyless, hungry, and unsheltered, the remembrance of his first meeting with Elizabeth burst so strongly and affectingly upon his mind, that he asserted, "no charity ever equalled her's in taking me, for she was herself

poor, and wanted that from others, which she bestowed upon me."

"And yet," observed Betsy "I think I have witnessed in a person not equally poor, but yet obliged to labour very hard to procure the necessaries of life for a large family, an act of charity still greater."

"Impossible! but I should like to hear what it was?"

"I was attending my cross mistress just after I entered her service, to carry a parcel to a friend's house, when a violent summer shower drove us into the kitchen of a little farmer; the master of the house entered it just before us, he was a civil man, and offered us chairs very kindly; his children, one after another, to the number of five, ran in; they were, with one exception, all fine ruddy boys: but my mistress, who never saw any side but the dark one, took no notice of any of them, but she fixed her eyes on one poor, pale-looking little creature, about two

years old, who, the moment the farmer was seated, embraced his leg, and clinging to him like a weak tendril round a sturdy oak; begged him, as well as it was able, to go out no more.

“What a poor looking sickly thing,” said my mistress.

“But he be a varry pratty one for all that,” said the farmer.

“It is natural for people to think well of their own.”

“Why e’es, but this’n be my own, an it ben’t, as one may say, but somehow I loves it just the seame, for it ha’ cost me mony a hour’s sorrow —”

My mistress had no humanity, but she had abundance of curiosity, and she enquired what the farmer meant.

“Why, madam,” said he, turning the child’s face towards us, as he placed him on his knee, and laid his little head upon his bosom; “if ye please to look at this poor child’s features, you may soon see wha is his feather, if so be you’re ac-

quainted with our squire at the great house over the way there; his mother, poor lass, was a very young creature, as was niece to his housekeeper; and dear heart! I suppose she went to see her aunt, and went, and went, till as one may say, she came to a bad end; but still, poor creature, she was so modest she never could be brought to tell any thing about it, and as he never took no notice of her, why she came to poverty and disgrace, and all that without any help of any kind; but all this is no part of my story."

"No! why, what is your story then?"

"Why, you see, I knew nought of all this, all I knowed was, that this child was nursed out by my gates here, and they said as how its mother was a mantua maker in S—; and that she was a going in a decline, and as I thought, may be couldn't pay for it, for whenever I went to the door to sup my porridge or my broth, there this poor little moppet,

thof it could hardly walk, it would come clinging about me to get a drop, and after my children too; what! th' varry youngest wad save a sup for it, for they all saw it were pined, and it went to my heart soa, I didn't know what to do; for you see I've five a' my own, and my wife were coming on, and she be at best a very sickly woman, an very willing to work aboon her strength, soa I could'nt think a laying a fresh burden on her particularly then, for she wer more out a spirits than I ever knew her, and so it passed on for a long time, and this poor thing grew thinner and paler every day, till at last it pleased God, wife ~~and~~ I coming fro' church one Sunday, came to a sort of a understanding, she said as how, 'she parfitly longed to have this child, but how could she think a burthening me?' O lard! madam, how my heart did jump; I made noa more bones on it, but hoame I brings him, and as it pleased God to take our little one, why we ha

nursed him like a baby, and raised him up as it were from death's door."

"He looks little better than death now," said my mistress, that she might damp the generous heart of the honest farmer; but she said wrong, for the child, though delicate, was very pretty, and evidently so beloved by every one in the house, that it was delightful to witness it; "and I think you must allow William, that farmer S——n was as good as Elizabeth Allen; and his wife, who was, indeed, a very ailing woman, at least as humane and kind as either; because she knew the weight so young a child would inevitably lay upon herself."

"I will not," said William, "dispute the point, for you have awakened my curiosity more than you are aware, though it is not, I trust, of the same nature with that of your mistress—pray did you learn any more about this boy?"

"Oh, yes! I lived, you know, within a mile; I saw him often after that, and

a very pretty child he grew; his poor mother died a few months after this time, and his wicked father, who never did any thing for him, went abroad, and he, poor thing, as I heard since I came away, came to a very bad end."

"How! was he killed?"

"No, worse than that, poor thing, he was stolen by gipsies."

"*Stolen*, say you, what was his name?"

"I think it was Charles, but am not certain."

"But you know the name of the gentleman, his father."

"Oh, yes! it was Squire Canteril, of Brook-Grove."

"It is all quite, quite plain, that very child is the Charley whom you have been teaching to paint the plates."

"Indeed! but I do not doubt it, for ever since I first saw that boy, I fancied I had seen him before, but never could recollect where; how happy will it make the good farmer, whom I rejoice to say,

is now a richer man than he was then, to learn that his poor pet is neither murdered nor brought up to the gallows, as he too often foretold he was."

William gave a sigh to the recollection of Charley's early likelihood of fulfilling the farmer's prediction, but he was silent on the subject, even to Betsy, for he was fully convinced that the cares of Elizabeth on this head had been finally successful, and that Charley was at this time not only generally well disposed, but deeply imbued with a thorough detestation of all bad practices, and a just dread of his former habits, which rendered him even more than commonly observant over his own heart and his conduct.

CHAP. X..

The end of that man is peace.

PROVERBS.

WHEN the circumstances of Charley's birth were talked over at the cottage, the poor boy displayed much sensibility and gratitude to his early preserver, and with great celerity set about writing a letter to the worthy man, to whom he had unconsciously owed so many obligations. It is probable that a little pride of birth, notwithstanding the actual disgrace of it, might have mingled in his sensations, if it had not been suppressed by the reiterated opinions of the friends around him, on the conduct of his father, who, so far from speaking of him with tenderness as a man of far superior rank to their own, with great justice ren-

dered that circumstance the basis of their accusation, and hesitated not to pronounce that man a sinner of the deepest die, who could desert the creature he had betrayed, and leave his helpless offspring literally to perish, as most probably his mother had done, for want of common necessities. All the errors of which Charley had, or was ever likely to have committed, were placed at *his* door, (where justice itself might indeed lay them,) and over a father so stained with sin, so marked with the finger of scorn by those on whose judgment he naturally relied, it was impossible to exult even when arrayed in the trappings of that splendor, on which the poor are too apt to look with envy, and approach with delight.

It will be readily conceived that the good father heard not only with pleasure, from one whom he had lost so long, but that he also still desired to forward his welfare, and pressed upon him the

necessity of improving his education, for which he kindly offered to pay, and promised that by-and-bye he would treat him with a journey to his old home, provided he had a good account of him from his present masters. There appeared in the honest man's letter some suspicions as to the principles the boy must necessarily have imbibed from the company he had kept; and some mysterious allusions as to that which he might yet be called to keep, on neither of which subjects William in reading the letter chose to dilate. His humanity would not allow him to pain the boy by the former, and his good sense taught him to consider it utterly improbable that a father who shut his ears to the first pleadings of nature, who in the vile selfishness of his soul, abandoned even the young and lovely creature, whose only fault appeared to be submission to his will, and affection for his person, would ever return to the common feelings of nature and humanity,

so far as to provide for his ill-fated offspring.

“Mind your business, improve yourself, and you’ll be a man without any body’s help,” was the constant language of William to Charles; and as he furnished an example and a proof of the truth of his assertion, the timid boy, who was ever too much inclined to lean on some person, or indulge some hope which militated against his *own* independence, became at length conscious of the possibility of standing alone, and even of the power of helping those whom he loved. The inclination to do this he never wanted, for even the barbarity under which he had suffered had never hardened his heart; he was a reed easily bent, and happy was it for him that in the most critical period of his life he fell into hands capable of moulding him to virtue; happily William possessed over him an influence as unbounded as it was beneficial and which prevented him from

becoming a great enthusiast in religion even at this early age; for Humphries and his associates, rejoicing over his redemption from the gross sins taught by his vagrant mother, were ever on the watch to possess his mind with some wild conception to which they gave the name of inspiration; and to which even Betty, with her far superior understanding, might have tacitly submitted from her habit of doing so, to those whom she deemed her superiors in divine light. It is a fact which will not be disputed by those who are well acquainted with the power exercised by the Methodist preachers and class leaders, that their influence is not less than that practised by the Church of Rome; how far this may, or may not be beneficial, is a question not now under examination.

Nearly two years passed after the arrival of Betsy in progressive improvement at the manufactory, without any

thing remarkable occurring. During this time the quiet industry and careful neatness of this good girl, had enabled her to prove a useful instructress to several young people, whose talents proved eventually superior to her own ; and she was at this period, enabled to return as she had ever wished to do, to her indulgent mistress, at the same time that her brother, who had nearly closed his apprenticeship, was considerably advanced in his situation ; and was promised that on its expiration he would be established as an over-looker and instructor of his fellow-workmen, and that his place would be rendered lucrative as well as respectable.

William would have been happy if this time had already commenced, for like other improving young men he had found his expences of late in suitable clothes and books requisite for the promotion of his knowledge in his business, consume the greatest part of his extra

earnings, a good deal of which had of late been in a measure kept back by Humphries, who seemed to dread the time when his controul over him would end, and to be jealous of every help that was given him. Poor Joseph was again unable to work, and there was every appearance of lingering disease about him which would eventually prove fatal; and it was evident, that although Betty's cheerfulness and patience never failed, yet her powers of providing for his wants must do so, because he was perpetually calling upon her for attentions which precluded all other labour.

There were now, however, many helping hands; for Mary had become so useful a servant that her wages were more than doubled. Betsy insisted on being considered one of the family, and her labours in the manufactory had made her rich, and Charles appeared to gain a stimulant to exertion such as he had never found before. The heart of

Betty was not less supported through her long trial by their kindness, than her little household by their assistance, but still she was a great sufferer in points where they could not relieve her ; and at length she became evidently so worn down by the task, that Mary determined to share with her the melancholy employment of nursing her father.

Betty, with her usual good sense and considerate kindness, opposed this determination, alledging the power of procuring assistance without depriving her daughter of an excellent place and her good mistress of a servant, whose conduct and activity was now in a humble degree rewarding that benevolence, which had heretofore nourished and instructed her for that very purpose.

William agreed with his mother, and an old woman was procured in the neighbourhood, who although unable for other work, yet greatly alleviated poor

Joseph's sufferings by unremitting watchfulness and that patience his unhappy temper, now irritated by perpetual pain, required from an attendant.

Betty had, for the last year or two, attended regularly at her own parish church, but she had not therefore forsaken the meeting, where she always went in the evening, provided Joseph's situation permitted it; for Betty had never allowed herself, like Susan, to suppose that an actual duty could be evaded in order to procure a pleasure or advantage to herself, because that advantage might be deemed an act of worship. With some of her own people, as she ever considered them, she was condemned as a sort of schismatic, but the wiser and better, though the most inconsiderable in point of number, continued to treat her as they ought, and to visit and console her and her afflicted partner, as much as lay in their power.

Many a simple but pious prayer was breathed round the bed of Joseph, who fervently united in every petition, and even appeared to receive from such exercise a new portion of faith and patience; till by degrees every jarring element in his composition began to subside, and the weaker he became, the more he was resigned. Mary had frequently wished her master, whom she loved and revered exceedingly, to visit her dying parent; and when at this period she desired he would have the goodness to call, he did not hesitate to do so, although under the persuasion that his visit would be little agreeable to its object.

But Mr. Greville was received by Joseph with a warmth of gratitude, which assured him that the poor man felt at least as a father; and when on further conversation he heard him confess, with the utmost candour, that he had all his life long indulged a temper

which he was now convinced was far from that spirit under whose influence he had professed to act, the pastor was convinced, not only of his sincerity, but that his judgment was, though late, yet truly enlightened, and he wished that his visits in person had commenced at an earlier period. From this time they were frequent, and attended with comfort to both parties, while the plain and yet frequently affecting discourses of the minister, deeply impressed on the few who heard them, were spread by them through a wide circle of serious visitants, and tended, in a surprising manner, to bring back the stray flock of Mr. Greville, and knit those who were already restored in a bond of affection to him and to each other, which has never since been broken.

Joseph's departure was peaceful, and so far happy; but it was unmarked by the language of either triumph or de-

spondency (from which he was entirely free) ; of course it afforded no peculiar triumph for the sect to which he had belonged ; yet it was perfectly satisfactory to all who had attended his sick bed, and they silently returned to that communion from which they had departed, in the hope of enjoying like comfort in the hour of their departure.

The old woman did not leave Betty until the night of poor Joseph's funeral, when Mrs. Greville, (well aware how trying is that melancholy stillness, which succeeds the distressing anxiety, which, though it wounds, yet occupies the mind,) had kindly promised that Mary should come down and sleep with her. Unfortunately, it happened that William, whose attentions during the whole of this trying time had been as unremitting as might be expected from his character, and whom the dying man had blessed a thousand times as his son and his supporter, was detained by Mr. Greville ; so that he

could neither accompany his mother and Mary, nor see the poor woman home, which was also his intention. After waiting for him some time, she set out in the dark, and, in her impatience to reach her home, stumbled near its entrance, and, slipping down the steps which led to it, fell with such violence, that she was taken up by the people who shared her dwelling, bleeding, bruised, and almost lifeless.

When poor Betty learned, on the following morning, the accident of her humble friend, forgetful of all her past fatigue, she hastened to her bed-side, and took upon herself the offices of a nurse, as well as those of a consoler. It was but too evident that the duties of the former would not be long called for, and that the latter were unequal, in any degree, to allay the uncontrollable grief which affected the unhappy patient, and which her personal sufferings, however great, could not account for.

“ But, Sarah, tell me why you cry so : it cannot be your pain, surely ? ”

“ Oh, no, no ! it is all for poor Frank, my grandson Frank ; he has no relation in the wide world but me. I was afraid he would have come home last night ; and it was that put me in such a hurry. But now, when he comes, what a sight will it be for him to see.”

“ Yes, but young people get over things. Don't fret so.”

“ He cannot get over it ; he is a poor, lame, helpless creature, that cannot maintain himself. Oh, Betty ! Betty ! you have no notion of my misery ; for I know, when I am gone, he must go to the workhouse : and there he will be knocked about by every body. God help him ! he cannot work, he have had no larnin ; for it has been with great trouble I have reared him at all ; and, poor thing, he be so plain, nobody will love him. Besides, he be so cross and waspish, fretting continually, as it were,

because he ben't like other folks; that, altogether, nobody can love him, barring it was a poor grandmother like me."

"God will raise him friends," said Betty.

A deep groan of unbelief was all the poor woman's answer; and in every interval of pain, she continued to lament this unhappy being in terms that bespoke compassion, yet forbade the hope of obtaining it. She said, "That when a child, he had the misfortune to fall from the mast of a vessel and break his backbone and his leg, by which his growth and health were so much injured, that, although in his seventeenth year, he was only the usual height of a boy at ten; that the small-pox had left him blear-eyed and sadly scarred; and that, although he had never manifested a wicked, or even mischievous disposition, the taftness of his replies, and even the acuteness of his feelings, made every one his enemy. And think, only think, how such a poor

thing will be used in a place where he has no one to stand up for him ; no one to care whether he lives or dies ; no one to remember, as I do, that his poor mother was as sweet a lass as ever was seen, and his father a brave sailor, that died, fighting for his king and country ! Oh, Betty ! if he was like your boys, I could leave him with an easy heart : such lads as they will make friends every where ; but *my* poor Frank !”

Betty's heart beat violently, and rose to her lips ; but she checked herself, and determined to see William before she ventured to enthrall herself with a promise she could scarcely fail to repent. Her cogitations were interrupted by the object of them, who, rushing into the poor woman's room, with all the violence his feeble limbs permitted, threw himself upon the bed in an agony of sorrow that would not, could not be suppressed, crying only, “ My granny, my granny !”

Betty suffered this effusion of grief to

exhaust itself before she spoke, when she observed, "That poor Sarah was bruised sadly, and he had better not touch her."

The boy left the bed; but he regarded the admonisher with a severe look, and, without deigning to speak to her, made a multitude of eager enquiries of his grandmother, "how she came by her injuries;" to which the poor exhausted and afflicted woman was unable to reply, and which, at length, he permitted Betty to answer; but whenever she endeavoured to give him any personal comfort, he replied, churlishly, "Ahe, its fine talking! If she should die, can I die too? Answer me that?"

In the course of the night, during which he never left the sick woman for a moment, Betty satisfied herself in two points of great moment: "This poor creature," said she, "is capable of the strongest affection, and he is no fool." Her heart seemed to hover over him to do him good, to soften the severity of his

sufferings, to humanise his manners; but, like the patriarch's dove, it was repelled to its own home, unable to find even a momentary resting place.

When the apothecary, for whom Betty had sent, made his appearance, the poor boy withdrew, and she then learnt, with sincere sorrow, that such was the violence of the fever, it was not likely that the patient would live many days; and as this was mentioned with little regard to the feelings of the patient, her grief for the boy broke out into a violent paroxysm; which the medical man considered as the beginning of delirium. It had never occurred to Betty to witness this state of disease, and her spirits, weakened by long exertion, shrunk from it with equal sympathy and terror. One moment she prayed for help to God, the next she besought the sufferer to compose herself; and at length, with faltering accents, promised, "that so far as it lay in her power, she would make up her

added, under the encouragement given by William's declaration, " that she should not, in any case, part with him ; and this promise was repeated by them both to the grateful Frank, who testified, as far as he was able, the consolation their goodness bestowed.

William was indeed, by this means, rendered somewhat more easy as to his mother's power of supporting the cripple, for Frank was well known in his own parish, which was not that of his benefactors, and the aversion he had pretty generally inspired, rendered them willing to dispose of him ; but in a short time, when, from knowing poor Betty's character and William's also, they became persuaded that he would not be returned to their jurisdiction, even if the pittance granted for his support was withdrawn, with the usual policy of village overseers, his presence in the workhouse was demanded, and, in consequence,

Betty was reduced to abide the consequence of her adoption.

It will be readily conceived, that the trials of this benevolent woman, with the unhappy object of her care, far exceeded any she had hitherto experienced in her maternal cares; for, although she soon perceived that Frank felt for her all the love, and much more gratitude than he had entertained for his grandmother, yet he was also given to treat her with as little ceremony; and his ill-humour, his ailments, and his wants, formed successive trials through many a wearisome day, in which her pity was painfully excited, her temper severely tried, and her health sensibly affected. These trials she felt the harder, because she was now so situated as to have enjoyed comparative comfort, for William had engaged to pay her rent, Charles frequently made her little presents of tea, and her own earnings were equal to her wants.

Happily for Elizabeth, she ever looked on the best side of her situation. The more she suffered, from Frank's unhappy disposition or sickly frame, the more she consoled herself with the belief that she was helping him, or improving her own mind; and as she perceived that, however untoward he might be, yet there was an improvement, even in his manners, which was noticed by all who saw him only occasionally, and she was herself certain that his health was much better, she found consolation in the circumstance which, if it did not repay her sufferings, yet softened them. Her happiest hours were those which she could afford to teach Frank to read; for the avidity with which he seized instruction, and the quickness with which he imbibed the little knowledge she could bestow, appeared to her almost miraculous; and when, after a time, he became able to read to her, and to feast on the books she could borrow for him, his bad temper

and his complaints nearly vanished together; and the unhappy being, conscious that his mind, at least, bore some parity with those of his fellow men, seemed to step into a new existence, and become aware of the obligations it imposed, and the affections it exercised.

William now closed his minority, and with thankfulness accepted the regular servitude offered by his masters; but he could not quit the roof which had now sheltered him so many years, and in which he had witnessed such important, and of late such happy changes, without being much affected. This change was not, however, pressed upon him, for Mr. Thorncliffe desired him to remain so long as it suited him, and he availed himself of the invitation, not less to suit his convenience than to effect one of the best purposes of his heart, and which he fulfilled not only as a generous impulse but a religious obligation, which marked his own gratitude to that heavenly hand

which had led him from an infancy of wretchedness to a manhood of respectability and independence.

At a village, about two miles distant from Betty's cottage, but on the opposite side of it to the village in which Mr. Thorncliffe resided, there was an excellent schoolmaster, under whose instructions William determined to place poor Frank for one whole year; fully persuaded, that at his age, and with his evident eagerness for learning, he would gain such knowledge as might enable him to earn his bread, either as an inferior clerk in the manufactory, or an assistant in a school. The grateful youth had long wished to remove Betty to the place where he resided, that he might be enabled either to board with her, or in some way pay her those personal attentions which his engagements at the manufactory, (and, perhaps, at the parsonage,) rendered it next to impossible he could perform. But like the mother he

loved, his heart knew no selfish pleasures, and his self-imposed duties rose paramount to his desires with the greater elasticity, from the consciousness that, although Elizabeth had no enjoyment in existence to be compared with his society, yet she would greatly prefer this scheme of benefiting the object of her daily solicitude and wearisome care.

As it was not difficult even for Frank to walk the necessary distance, carrying his provision for the day with him, the scheme was immediately carried into effect. A time had been, when the poor youth would have positively rejected it, from the horror he had entertained of being rendered the laughing-stock of the school-boys; and the aversion which he seemed to have for all his species, especially of his own sex and age. The kindness of William and Charles had ameliorated his feelings towards others, and the spark of knowledge implanted by Betty, had awakened a sense of power, which in-

spired him with courage to pursue it, and with such sensations he accepted the offered boon with thankful joy.

Frank's improvement kept pace with the wishes, and exceeded the hopes of his young benefactor, while his bodily strength increased from the regularity of his exercise and the cheerfulness of his mind; his voice, unlike his diminutive form, was manly, clear, and sonorous, and he soon read with such propriety, that he was made the teacher of a class of Sunday scholars, where he attracted the attention of the rector, whose encouraging praise added new incitement to his perseverance, and procured him increased respect from the half-taught, and half-subdued spirits, of the young urchins who surrounded him.

But, alas! while this last and most hopeless of Elizabeth's boys was thus rising above the complicated trammels which had so long enthralled him; she was sinking, day by day, into a state of

nervous debility, the effect of exertion beyond her strength; and her habit of concealing petty disorders, and subduing natural complaints, lest they should wound those who loved her, had operated so far, that although her illness had come on by very slow degrees, it appeared to reach its acmé suddenly, to those who did not see her frequently, and who were ready to raise heaven and earth in her behalf, when their eyes were opened to her danger. Of all who had reason to love her, Mary appeared at this time most awakened to a sense of her virtues, and in the eyes of William she gained all that excellence in herself, which she now extolled in her mother-in-law, and many a long consultation for the good of Elizabeth ensued, which bound them both not less to her than to each other. But it was neither by the help of medicine, nor the alarmed and anxious attendance of those who could only snatch occasionally their power of ad-

ministering aid, that the lingering disease of their maternal friend could be alleviated, though it might be soothed. Frank alone, proved in this trying period her most effectual assistant, and from the improvement in his own spirits, he was led from the first to believe she would recover, and that hope sustained him through an affliction which his sensibility rendered otherwise severe.

Ever accustomed to dawdle by the side of his grandmother, all the little he had ever done previous to his residence with Betty, had been cooking their dinner, that the poor woman might be kept at her wheel. His grandmother had been a neat and notable housewife, and Frank could make a basin of broth or gruel, as well as herself, and was as neat in all he did, so that his attentions to poor Betty at that period of languishment, were not less those of a daughter than a son; and the affectionate activity he evinced, proved that whatever had been the prick-

liness of the husk, a sweet kernel was within. Every morning he made the cottage tidy, and persuaded his mother to take her breakfast before he departed, and every evening he hastened home, with the speed of anxiety, to prepare her supper; to read her a chapter in the bible, tell her all that he had learned during the day, or sing one of her favourite hymns, that it might dispose her to sleep. Not a cross or unpleasant word now passed his lips; and in nourishing his Christian mother, with that bread of life which the word of God, as read by him, ever communicated to *her*, he seemed to imbibe the same benefit himself, and to become humble, yet firm, meek, tractable and obedient; yet cheerful, patient, and courageous.

Happy was it, indeed, for Elizabeth, that ever she had known this forlorn and desolate being, since no other of her children could possibly have rendered the attentions she now received from him,

without so far injuring themselves that her grief for their loss would have overbalanced her benefit from their presence; and it is certain no stranger could so effectually have smoothed the pillow of disease, and lightened the languor of retirement, as one to whom she had devoted herself as a parent. This young man was also rendered the more valuable to her at the present period, because both her other sons were for a time removed from the neighbourhood, as they conceived very unluckily, though in a way that neither could resist.

We have already said, that William had shown considerable talent in the formation of earthenware, and as he improved this knowledge as much as he could, by procuring books with prints containing vases, urns, or other subjects of the same kind, his masters wisely afforded him every means of improvement in their power. It happened at this time that they were offered as an advan-

tageous purchase, a vein of clay in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and as William was the best judge of its quality, of any person about the premises, and could in his road to the place where it lay, visit the seat of Castle Howard, which had lately been enriched by a splendid collection of antique vases; it was resolved that he should proceed upon a journey immediately, which promised him the improvement he required, and the pleasure he merited.

As William was to ride his master's horse, and appear in every respect equipped as an accredited traveller for a respectable house, some preparations were necessary; and whilst they were making, Charles received a letter from his first friend, the farmer, in which he pressed him to come to his house without a moment's delay, in such an earnest style, that Mr. Thorncliffe, who knew the poor boy's early obligations to him,

thought it right to allow him to go, and kindly furnished him with the means.

Leaving William to pursue his journey, we shall follow Betty's second rescued vagabond to the house of that friend, whose pity nourished and protected him in the first stage of his unenviable existence.

CHAP. XI.

The storm begins : poor wretch,
That for thy father's fault art thus exposed
To loss and what may follow ! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds for thee.

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Charles arrived at farmer S——'s dwelling, he found himself in a more comfortable house, than his early, or rather ideal recollections had depicted ; but he was received with such an air of questioning surprise, as to his identity, that he could not forbear feeling much embarrassment, especially as they all appealed to his memory for circumstances over which it had no power ; and although he was really disposed to feel most gratefully the kindness he had experienced, yet, because he could not trace the way in which it was received,

little credit was given to his good intentions.

The farmer had dwelt so long on the memory, and regretted so sincerely the famished babe who had hung round his neck and fed out of his cup, that he had forgotten that babe must have by this time approached manhood; and his good wife evidently entertained the same feelings. Their two eldest sons had some pleasant recollections of a little boy whom they had been fond of, and whom they now came from their occupations in the neighbourhood to meet; but as the younger children professed to have no remembrance of him whatever, at length the same deficiency in the stranger was allowed to be natural; and he was in a great measure restored to their good graces, especially as they allowed that his features were more like the squire than ever; and, in short, he was in size, complexion, and every thing, his “parfit moral.”

As the farmer said this, he chuckled inwardly with some most happy conceit, which he thought too precious for communication to any human being save his wife; and with her he held communication only by intelligent looks, and the frequently repeated interjection of, "It'll do," "I sees it'll do."

To explain this to the reader: although Charles must still be in the dark, it is necessary to say, that Mr. Canteril, after some years' residence abroad, (during which he had, from the state of the Continent at that time experienced inconveniencies which had injured his health,) some other years spent principally in London, was now returned to his paternal seat in the country for the benefit of his native air, as he was far advanced in a consumption.

From the time that the farmer had learnt that Charles was alive, and living among honest folks, he had never failed to hope that by some lucky turn he would

be thrown under the notice, and contract the compassion of the squire; and his wife, who had a strong spice of the romantic in her disposition, (which is a turn more or less to be found, perhaps, in all her sex, who are gifted with her genuine humanity and happy ignorance of life,) ever encouraged the idea, and ever persuaded him to think *he* might be the means of effecting it. Years had rolled on without bringing this much-desired object nearer, when the week before, it struck the honest man, that if Charles could be brought before his father all at once, as he rode out in his Bath chair in the park, the business would be done, and the cry of nature, or the voice of conscience be heard in his bosom.

“He is a dying man, that’s for certain,” said the farmer; “and he is a childless man, except for this poor boy.”

“That’s more than we can tell, John,” said his wife. “I have always heard him called a bad man; and they say,

every new sin hardens the heart. But, however, we will do our best ; he cannot but prove a father to such a boy as this."

The best Mrs. S—— conceived it in her power to do, was to dress Charles in the handsomest clothing her house afforded, and to comb again and again his hair, which was very luxuriant, in such a way over his forehead, as she remembered to have seen in a picture of the squire in Brook Grove. That done, she desired him to accompany her master, " who ~~was~~ going to show him the park, where somebody lived, that was something to him."

Charles coloured highly ; and he would have enquired about this somebody, but a sense of bitter shame, of degradation, which in his case is so unhappily transferred from the guilty to the innocent, forbade his utterance of a single word ; and he silently followed the farmer, whose irregular steps varied from the firm stride

of a warrior eager for combat, to those of feeble decrepitude and lingering indecision.

The honest man, who now stepped forward, as he thought, to vindicate the rights of injured innocence and humanity, at the outset felt himself powerful in reason, and almost eloquent in speech; "because for why, he had the right side." But it was in vain he repeated this to himself a hundred times together, with the re-assuring sentences, "Ben't I a true born Englishman, true to church an king; none o' y'ur Jacobins an' Athaises. Besides, I owes nothin to nobody, barring my rent; and that'll come when rent-day comes; and 'Squire Canteril's no landlord o' mine." All these invigorating circumstances were barely sufficient to give the necessary courage for addressing a man of superior rank and elegant manners. Such is the effect of habit, and even of good sense, in persons conscious of deficient education.

Fortunately for the farmer's scheme, the invalid was already in the grounds; and as the park which surrounded his mansion was free to foot passengers, the appearance of two persons in the path excited no attention; and Charles, for a long space, was enabled to look on the person, who, although said to be his father, his heart neither dared nor even desired to claim as kindred. To his surprise, Mr. Canteril appeared a person nearly sixty years of age, but still very handsome, as his features were fine, and his complexion tinged with the hectic bloom incident to his disease. He was much wrapped up, held a cambric handkerchief to his mouth, and was slowly drawn by one servant, whilst another attended at his side, with medicines and restoratives.

It was evident that the sands of life were running low, and that the closing hour of such a fragile being might be precipitated by an affecting appeal, or

an unexpected incident; the farmer's pity for a man so situated, operated still more strongly on his conduct than his own previous fears had done; and he felt that after all, his admirable plans and his fine-connected speeches must drop to the ground. But such was his agitation, that at the very moment he determined to withdraw, he was in fact standing bolt upright before the chair, with the air of one who had important business with its inhabitant.

Mr. Canteril, by a motion, which was understood by his attendant (with whom his disorder had taught him to converse by signs), signified his pleasure to stop, and at the same moment the servant told, S——r that “if he had any thing to say, his Honour would hear him; but he must use as few words as possible.”

The farmer and his protégé alike stood bareheaded at this moment; and Charles, though a little behind, was full in the view of the invalid, his clear complexion

varying every moment from pearly whiteness to glowing red. His eyes were downcast, and their long lashes were moistened with tears. No doubt was entertained by the invalid that he was a petitioner of some kind, though his appearance in other respects was very unlike one; he was, however, determined to relieve him, for his features were in *his* eyes particularly prepossessing. He looked to the farmer, who had twice stoutly hemmed for explanation.

“Why, Sir — your Honour — all I have to say be this — there *he* stands, and there *you* sits; and barring that he be well, and you be sick, that he be young and you be oldish (no offence I hope) why every body must see you be, as it were, the seame person.”

The cheek of the invalid flushed with a deeper dye, and his pulse trebled its feverish flutterings, but he answered only by directing a glance (now but half understood) to his attendant, who, probably

to satisfy his own curiosity, desired the farmer to "say all he had to say plainly and quickly."

"Why so I wull," replied he tartly; "but I was a little flamagusted with seeing his Honour soa bad, and besides didn't think it quite a proper subject to speak on before sarvants; but, however, what I means is this, this youth is poor Nancy Walker's son, his Honour remembers Nancy, and has a pretty good guess who was his feather; — aye, Sir! off you set to those foreign parts, and took no notice of she, poor fatherless and motherless creature as she was."

Mr. Canteril sunk back in his chair, and extended his handkerchief over his face; the farmer had too much delicacy to watch the effect of his own words, but he continued to speak, as if in soliloquy absorbed in his distressing subject.

"She was nothing to me, I never seed her but once, when I took this poor child, then a little half-starved, creature, over

on a market-day, just to give her a bit of comfort, but I saw it was all over; she seemed much like your Honour, bating she had none c' your comforts: her aunt was in London, and that was her only relation, and the folks where she lodged ~~were~~ vary unkindly loike, so there she lay; woife went to see her wi' some little matters, but God knows it were *little* we had to give; — but, however, she's gone, and she has met more mercy in heaven, than she found on earth; — *poor Nancy!* her last blessing rings in my ears yet, — and her poor thin clammy hand, I seem to feel it just now."

Faltering and disjointedly the poor man spoke, for his memory by degrees restored to him so perfect a view of the distressing scene he had then witnessed, that his feelings completely overcame him, and he sobbed aloud. Surprise, and in some measure sympathy, (for hard is the heart which does not sympathise in the rudest expression of genuine com-

passion,) so fully seized upon both the attendants of Mr. Canteril, that they were some moments ere they heard the urgent, though feeble commands of their master, to take him instantly home, whither the strangers might follow, if they chose.

The farmer, conquering his emotion, slowly followed, and Charles afflicted, fearful, and inwardly wishing himself at home again, reluctantly accompanied him.

Hour after hour passed unmarked, save by the trampling of feet in passing backward and forward to the sick man's chamber, and the shaking of heads and significant looks of the servants, as they passed each other. At length the confidential attendant, whom they had seen in the park, desired Charles to accompany him to the breakfast-parlour, where Lady Mornington wished to speak with him, — the sister of his master.

The very idea of speaking to a grand titled lady, subdued the little spirits

Charles retained ; and, on entering the room, her Ladyship, who had predetermined to find him an impudent impostor, was compelled to see that he was an unwilling and artless intruder ; — compelled too, to perceive, he was a strict, though unpolished resemblance, in every feature, to the youthful portrait which now hung before her, and not a little like her own son, for whose sake she was most anxious to discard him.

“ Pray who are you ? where do you come from ? by what authority did you dare to insult Mr. Cartefil this morning ? I should not wonder if you had been the cause of his death.”

To these questions, uttered in the most imperative tone, the poor boy felt unequal to make any reply ; and, though he looked up to the lady's face, as if he were about to do it, no sound left his lips. That look, however, so effectually proved at once his inability to contend, and his right to be heard, that her lady-

ship in a softened tone observed, "Perhaps you had rather have your friend with you?"

"A great deal, Madam," answered Charles, in a voice which fell familiarly on the lady's ear, and almost touched her heart.

When the farmer arrived, the question of, "What is this youth? and where has he been all his life?" was put in a softer tone.

"Why, madam, I guess *you* knows who be his real parents; all *I* knows is, that he was nursed, or rather *starved*, at a cottage just below my house. I took him to save his life, and my wife, God love her, nursed him to be as sweet a bairn, as ever the sun shone on; but, dear heart, on the very day we put him into breeches, he was stole away by a Gipsey, or some kind of a vagabond, and there was he taught the road to the gallows; — poorly fed, cloathed i' rags, and living by thieving and begging for six long years."

This was the dreadful part of Charles's story, which he had such a horror of being revealed, that' no compensation could in his mind arise to him from explanation, adéquate to the pain he had first foreseen, and now actually suffered : all colour fled from his cheeks and lips, a mist swam before his eyes, and he involuntarily caught hold of a chair to keep him from sinking on the floor.

The action necessarily attracted both parties to his situation, and the farmer eagerly cried, " Cheer up, my lad, cheer up, be sure thy sins, when a bit of a child, will never lie at thy *own* door ; — noa, noa, it lies where it should."

" But how came the boy here again ?" interrupted the lady. " Why, madam, he has been all his life lucky : the rich forsook him, but the poor took him up, and a couple, far below even my humble station, cured him of sickness, nourished him, and taught him how to earn his bread easily and honestly, and, in short,

made him what he is ; he is at this time apprentice to a Mr. Thorncliffe, at —, about seventy miles off, but I sent for him, because I was determined to try if —”

“ Try if you could kill my brother : — to your officiousness we are indebted for all this trouble ; but of course you have some end to answer in it, probably you wish for an addition to your farm, which, I understand, lies contiguous to this estate ?”

“ I wants *noa such thing*,” roared the farmer in a voice of thunder ; “ I wanted right, and proper help to be given to an innocent child, by a guilty, unnatural parent ; — to my mind, the most despicablest cratur that crawls above ground is, a thing that calls itself a gentleman, and yet leaves its own flesh and blood to creep up a chimney-flue *, to tremble before

* It was asserted in the House of Commons, that the apprentices of chimney-sweepers were generally found to be the natural children of gentlemen. The story here related is true, as it is connected with the former.

a overseer, crawl from door to door to beg, — or steal a crust. I say nothing of the *sin* of such a wretch (for on that God himself has pronounced), but the meanness, the *meanness* makes me *mad*; my children were fed by my labour; — their bread came from the very bones and marrow of their father, — but were they not welcome? Yes, if they had sucked his very blood! — and soa was this poor child, for it paid me with its love, — it grew to my heart, and called me feather.”

“Again’ the farmer overcome by softer feelings, was silent, and the lady, while she rung the bell, observed that, “after all, the boy was but a natural child.”

“Varry true, varry true, but its varry unnatural for a *lady* to make that an excuse, if so be she have the heart of a *woman*. I beg pardon, madam, but truth will out.”

“Mr. Canteril was left a widower very

early in life, and young women are so forward now-a-days, that really these things will happen."

"Aye, madam," returned the farmer drily; "but it doesn't look well for a fine gentleman, about forty, to encourage a poor, timid girl, under twenty, in such *forward ways*; who is to check such, and to warn them, if the 'squire of the parish, with all his larnin and his *experience* doesn't?"

"But poor Nancy was not forward enough, for she preferred working and pining herself to death, rather than swear before a justice, to procure a pitiful provision for her child; soa you may be easy, we have noa *law* on our side, and 'tis very plain, we shall have noa *justice*."

So saying, the farmer seized on Charles's arm, and left the house without farther ceremony, but his words still rang in Lady Mornington's ear, and in despite of her endeavours, affected her much; she, however, exerted herself to send a ser-

vant after the intruders, to say, "that she desired the young man would return to the place he came from."

"Tell your Leady from me, that my house is my castle, and I shall keep who I please in it; ods bodikins! if she goes on to make me mad with her orders, and her shim-shams, I shall be after raising the parish about her ears; we be bad enough down here, but tell her to remember she ben't i Lunnou, where fine folks have all their own way, we can tell 'em our minds a bit down here, if we can dō nought better."

This threat (conveyed in milder terms) had certainly an effect upon Lady Mornington, though it is but justice to say, that even before its delivery, she had determined that Charles should be assisted, if he would leave the boisterous assertor of his rights, "who had really shaken her nerves to atoms." Those nerves were, however, fated to a severer trial, for during the whole night she was unable to

quit the bed of her brother, whose every symptom gave indication of approaching death, and whose restless, wretched mind, could find no alleviation for its tortures, but in eager contrivances for the benefit of that neglected child, which he had left, as the ostrich quits her eggs, to perish in the desert.

Mr. Canteril had been his whole life a decidedly selfish character, but, elegant in his manners, and specious in his general deportment, he had often excited admiration, and sometimes elicited affection in those who did not understand him. He was fond of show, but yet a good manager, and even rigid economist, where his own personal gratification did not call for the sacrifice of wealth; and for some years past, he had been in the habit of accumulating much personal property. Under these circumstances, he felt that his heir, whom he really loved as far as he was capable of loving any one, could not complain if he en-

deavoured by a noble legacy, to atone for past sufferings and neglect, to the poor boy thus forced upon his notice; but alas! with the image of Charles came that of his mother, to whom no atonement could be made; other children, and other mothers mingled in the confusion that rose upon his brain, and flitted before his dazzled sight, and the codicil he projected was deferred till to-morrow.

To-morrow came, but with it little relief, although there was again an increased desire of beholding his son, accompanied by an indefinable dread, for *he* beheld only in his features, those traits which reminded him of the mother. Charles was accordingly sent for, and on his arrival, being addressed by the invalid with that suasive condescension, ever so fascinating in those of superior rank, he approached his couch with a sensation to which he had been hitherto a stranger; but in the very moment, when the heart-stricken parent, eagerly, for the

first time, gazed upon him with a kindly look, and opened his lips to assure him of protection; the agitation of the interview overcame him, and sinking back upon his pillow, with a hollow groan, he instantly expired.

CHAP. XII.

————— His approach,
 So out of circumstance, and sudden, tells us,
 'Tis not a visitation fram'd, but forced
 By need, and accideⁿt. SHAKESPEARE.

THE sight of death, awful and affecting, always to the young, was particularly so to Charles, whose nature was allied only to his weaker parent, and shrunk from every trial which exacted fortitude, although he was by no means deficient in patience. At this moment, sensible that his presence had accelerated the long impending stroke, and rendered him, therefore, an object of dislike, it was natural for him to elude observation, and he retired to recover the shock, by looking for consolation to that heavenly

father, under whose protection he had been taught to repose.

His entrance into the house had been deemed highly portentous to many of its inhabitants, and he had been received with a show of respect by some, more according with his imagined expectations, than his actual situation ; but he was suffered to depart his own way, unnoticed and disregarded. : On so soon returning to the farmer's, the cause was quickly guessed, and various conjectures as to the probable events of the day, kept the family up long after their usual hour, the honest master still fondly clinging to his original prediction. Day after day, however passed, and no other news was learnt than the arrival of Sir Henry Mornington, and that preparations were making for a magnificent funeral.

When this ceremony had taken place, the farmer consented that poor Charles should return to that humble home, and those pursuits to which he had been.

accustomed, and which he had been many days extremely anxious to resume; but just as he was setting out, he was summoned to the presence of the baronet. Various accounts of Charles's interview and relationship with his late uncle, each "graced with decent wonders," had already reached the ears of the young gentleman, and he determined on seeing the subject of them, and judging for himself, so far previously acknowledging Charles's claims, as, to accompany the summons by a handsome suit of mourning.

Sir Henry was the eldest child, and only son of a man of fashion, who lived fast and died early, leaving his son a nominal estate, and his daughters no subsistence, save from their mother's jointure; he was now twenty-two, of a lively temper, but kind heart, and the noble inheritance to which he had just now succeeded, very naturally inclined him to be generous. His mother, satisfied with her share of her brother's per-

sonals, was also in good humour; but she had been so long accustomed to care from necessity, that she could not all at once accustom herself to affluence, and she continued to sound the necessity of being guarded in her son's ear, till the poor boy was ushered into the room.

When Charles entered, he was motioned to, to take a seat at some distance, by which means he was fully reflected in a large mirror, opposite to which, Sir Henry, his eldest sister, and mother were sitting. He looked well, and even genteel in black, and after surveying him for a few moments, the young baronet exclaimed, "upon my life, if he were properly drilled; I mean educated and dressed, &c. he would be a perfect Adonis! of all things in the world I should like to bring him out."

"My dear Henry," cried the mother, in alarm, glancing at her daughter, "the thing is utterly impossible. He has been (added she whispering) a vagabond, a

stroller, a thief, a common beggar, and now works in a pottery; and he is so like you, like all of us, it never would do."

Sir Henry bit his lips with a mortified air, but by another glance towards his sister, appeared to acknowledge that his mother was right. The mother and sister left the room, and he then addressed the young man, desiring, "to know if the line of life he now pursued was agreeable to his inclination, or if there was any other in which he could be rendered happier?"

"Not any," said Charles, "though I should certainly be thankful for better instructions in drawing, which my line of work requires. I shall always be happy if I live with William and my mother."

"Your mother! I thought she was ~~dead~~?"

"Yes, Sir, the mother **who** gave me birth; but I mean the mother **who** took

me when I was lost ; who nursed me when I was almost killed ; who fed me by her own labour ; and taught me my duty — my religion.”

“ She lives, it seems, and your feelings with regard to her are an honour to you both. Who is William ?

“ He is her son — I mean such a son as me ; she has taken three beggar boys of us ?”

“ A hopeful progeny, truly. But are they all like you ?”

“ No, Sir, William is handsome, and clever, and good ; Frank is ugly and cross, but not bad, I hope.”

“ Do you wish to live in such a house as this, Charles ? Do you feel as it you would be happier among genteel people ?”

“ Oh ! no, no, Sir ; I should be miserable, I should feel frightened at every thing, and every body ; the remembrance of my beggar days would always be uppermost, and that *other* thing, worst of

all, would make me think that the lowest servant despised me."

"What thing? Do you mean your birth?"

The burning blush answered, "yes," for the faltering tongue was unable to articulate it. Tears rushed into the Baronet's eyes as he turned from the boy, alike to spare him, and to hide his own emotion; and he silently vowed never to inflict the pang he had witnessed.

"Well, Charles," resumed the Baronet, "I believe you are best and happiest with your present friends, but if ever, in after-life, you should have occasion for one, write to me, and at all events let me hear from you. I shall immediately place in your master's care, two hundred pounds, to be appropriated to your use, on your coming of age; and here is a twenty-pound bill for your present expences, and ten pounds to present to your nominal mother."

To Charles who had never seen half as much money in his life, these were amaz-

ing sums, and he took them with an air of surprise, amounting to stupidity in the first moment, but the recollection of the pleasure he should give William and his mother, brought tears of joy into his eyes, which the Baronet naturally attributed to gratitude, to which he did not lay much claim, having acted far below the standard of his own generosity, in obedience to his mother, and internally resolving that he would do a great deal more. He had not yet, of course, entered on the career of a young man of fashion, nor would it have been easy at this hour to induce him to believe that in one year's time, he would have found it impossible to spare five pounds to the youth, to whom his heart yearned at this very moment to give five thousand.

The urbanity of Sir Henry's manners, still more than his gifts, induced Charles, with many blushes, to hope "his Honour" would have the goodness to excuse any thing his good friend the farmer might

have said to my lady, because he meant no harm; he was a very good man, and spoke nothing but truth."

Sir Harry could not help smiling at an apology, which to some people would have doubled the offence, whatever that might be, but he was inclined to consider every body and every thing in the most favourable point of view, well aware that his mother, in the eagerness of preserving all for him, had probably been too severe in her administration of her late brother's effects; he therefore dismissed Charles, with an assurance, "that he not only forgave the farmer, but admired him for his zeal and charity, and would not fail to promote his interest or that of his sons, whenever it was in his power."

Thus happily dismissed, Charles heard the great gates of the great house close ~~after him~~, with the sensation of one who has escaped from prison, and bears with him the means of re-entering life with

advantage. To him the very grandeur of the mansion was appalling, and the large mirrors had so increased his confusion, by giving back his own blushing face, and constrained gait, that they acted like a kind of phantasmagoria terrors upon him; and being by no means free from superstition, the remembrance of his father's death, continually crossed him and added to his desire of escape from the scene which recalled it.

Thus free from vanity and ambition, was the youth after whom Sir Henry earnestly looked, still repeating to himself, "how possible it would be to make him a man of fashion;" admiring the glossy brightness of his hair, the slightness of his form, and the whiteness of his ungloved hands, which from the nature of his employment were unlike what he was accustomed to behold in his station. He gave a deep and sincere sigh to Charles's unmerited misfortune, which was honourable to himself, but in no wise

called for by the boy, whose mind was now satisfied to its utmost, and as it was unprepared by education, so was it unfitted by nature for the scenes to which the young heir would have consigned him, which would inevitably have made him the dupe of imposture, the prey and eventually the associate of the wicked.

The farmer was so pleased to find that it had been the cause of some good to Charles, that although he was angry one minute, he was in good humour the next; and upon the whole so well satisfied, that he consented that his eldest son should accompany Charles to his home, or rather the village where he lived, as this young man had always expressed a strong desire to go there ever since the arrival of Charles's first letter. Not being fond of farming, he had been apprenticed to a general shopkeeper whom he still served, but it was equally his desire, and that of his parents, that he should enter into business for himself, when he should

meet with an eligible situation, and on that account they permitted him to accompany Charles, who described his own place as such.

On arriving at poor Betty's, Charles had the satisfaction of finding that the cares of Frank had been in a great degree successful, and that she was really in an improving state; but his heart rejoiced in the belief that he could procure so many comforts, wanted in her languishing state, and which William would be so glad that she should enjoy, and in silence he placed all his new-gained wealth in her possession. Such was the surprise of Betty, that it was not until a circumstantial account had been given, which was confirmed by the stranger, that she dared venture to believe the tale, though she did not pain the boy by her suspicions; but when at length she understood all, her pleasure was unbounded, and many a time did her heart ascend in gratitude to heaven, that ever she had known a

creature, in whose early adventures she delighted to trace the hand of an overruling Providence ; and often did she assure Charles, that he must have been spared for the purpose of rendering him more grateful and pious to the hand which had protected him, than his fellow mortals.

William was not yet returned, for which Charles lamented much, but his young companion having renewed the acquaintance of his boyish days with Betsy, so far as he was able, did not seem to regret it. He soon became busy in looking out for a shop, and was enabled to find one to his wishes, but so large, as to render it imprudent to venture on premises of so much extent, although cheap and every way eligible.

Mr. Thorncliffe, who had seen him about his house, and was pleased with his open countenance and modest manners, on learning his wishes, kindly went over the place, and pointed out the pos-

sibility of so dividing the house, as to make two good dwellings, one of which would be public, and the other private; and he added, "I think when William comes home, Charles and him cannot do better than take it of you, and bring the old woman here to keep house for them. Besides this large drawing-room will be useless to you, and it will make an excellent school-room for her present son, who in the increasing state of the manufactory may find plenty of scholars, and be of great use in the neighbourhood."

Thus encouraged, the young man did not hesitate to secure the premises, and soon afterwards departed, for the purpose of informing his father, and gaining from him the money necessary for his undertaking. This money was his share of a portion left by a very distant relation of his mother, to her and her children, about two years after they had, with so much genuine pity, taken that poor orphan, literally "to eat of their bread,

drink of their cup, and be unto them as a child." And the farmer so fully persuaded himself that the unexpected boon was the gift of heaven to him, to aid his cares and reward his exertions on the poor child's account, that almost his first exclamation on receiving it was, that he would give him "a swinging good education." As this, however, could not be done in a day, the farmer satisfied his own feelings, by purchasing a suit of showy cloaths, which he saw hanging at a shop-door, and which, on the first day Charles wore them, attracted the attention of a strolling beggar-woman, mistaken for a gipsy, from the darkness of her skin and her eyes. It was not the intention of the woman to steal the child, but merely to strip him for the sake of his cloaths; but, having done so, his plaintive cries, and the beauty of his person, induced her to think he would be a powerful auxiliary as a beggar, and

thus the gifts of benevolence and nature alike tended to the child's destruction at this unhappy period.

There were times when this wicked and wretched woman was not only kind to Charles but even indulgent, but the general tenour of her conduct was governed by the caprice attendant too frequently upon intoxication, but more frequently from the various changes to which a life supported by casual charity and petty theft is subject. Over the sufferings of a young and delicate child so situated, sickening humanity draws a veil, which it would be her duty to rend, could she expose them in all their horrors, to the blasted view of such fathers as that of Charles, or give effectual warning to their victims. It is far more delightful, and perhaps more useful, to turn to that benevolent and active being, whose lenient hand raised this forlorn sufferer from the very dust, allayed his hunger with her own scanty morsel,

washed his wounds with her tears, reformed his depraved mind by her precepts, and led his humble and grateful heart to rejoice in the knowledge of the Redeemer who had atoned for his transgressions, the God and Father “who willeth not the death of a sinner.”

CHAP. XIII.

Youth has a sprightliness and fire to boast,
That in the valley of decline are lost,
And virtue with peculiar charms appears,
Crown'd with the garland of life's blooming years.

COWPER.

WILLIAM set out on his projected journey early in the morning. Betsy alone, who rose to make his breakfast, was stirring, and as her affectionate heart made even a short and desirable absence somewhat painful, she did not part with him till the last moment, but, putting her arm within his, walked with him as he led his horse round a little plantation which conducted him to the high road, and even then she lingered, admiring him in his new boots and great coat, and predicting a delightful April day for his journey.

It is probable that the new boots and other accoutrements engaged William's attention a little, and, that, especially when he mounted his well-equipped handsome horse, he felt some of that pride which we know that noble animal so frequently inspires, though the riders have been born and educated in a situation the very reverse of our beggar-boy's. ~~Whatever~~ whatever were his first emotions, it is certain his "failing leaned (or rather led) to virtue's side," for he could not think upon his present appearance, the situation he held in the manufactory, and his prospects of rising in it, without remembering the situation in which he entered farmer Forest's field, now within his sight, and followed his good mother down the lane which led to her humble habitation.

As these thoughts passed William's mind, he entered upon a part of the road which showed him the house he had quitted, and Betsy (as he judged) watching him from the nursery window,

the thoughts of her happy situation and the increase of comfort she had given him, brought tears of delightful gratitude in his eyes, and lifted up his heart to heaven in silent thanksgiving. The sun was now risen, the house, the garden, and meadows contiguous, looked beautiful, and William could not help contrasting their present appearance with the different forms they had assumed since his first acquaintance, and which had distinctly marked the mind of their owner in its changes and gradations.

When William first entered on Mr. Thorncliffe's service, he was much too busy, and, as he sometimes imagined, too holy a man, to pay any regard to his garden or plantations, and, in consequence all soon became over-run with confusion, and at once expensive and unyielding. A time succeeded, in which a little cultivation for family necessaries was all that his circumstances warranted, and an air of wasteful negligence was

succeeded by that of cheerless poverty. But, in proportion as well applied industry restored the comforts of competence, and the natural powers of the owner's mind improved by experience, and chastened, not crushed, by misfortune, awoke to a just sense of his duties and happiness, he rendered these delightful possessions subservient to both. William and Charles had assisted in clearing long deserted paths, cultivating choice vegetables, restoring flowering shrubs to situations of ornament, and clearing valuable fruit-trees from obnoxious parasites and obstructing brambles. Every thing now wore the appearance it assumed on Mr. Thorncliffe's marriage, (only so far improved as to exhibit much additional wood in a thriving plantation,) and often did the now happy inhabitants, in the company of their sweet children, wander here with more real pleasure than they had ever known before, giving useful information to those young minds now

thirsting after knowledge, or suggesting to each other some improvement by which the beauty or the value of the land might be increased; and Mr. Thorncliffe looked back, with shame and astonishment, at the period when he could have neglected a source of profit ever before his eyes for distant schemes of wealth, or imagined for a moment, that neglect of God's gifts could be pleasing to the all-merciful donor.

William soon became so near Mr. Greville's house, that, although he had received various little commissions (to be executed in York on his return) only the evening before, he thought it better "just to call, as his worship might have forgotten something." It appeared, however, that his worship still slept untroubled by his memory, but his house-maid could not forget to look out of the window that morning more frequently than usual, nor could she altogether hide the anxiety which, in various ways, was con-

nected with such a journey — “ William had never left the place before, nobody know what might happen, when people went out just to see and be seen, as it were.”

Perhaps had this been strictly speaking William's errand, something might have happened, for the idle and unemployed are ever in the way of temptation; but William's journey was one of business; and aware not only of its intrinsic importance, but that in his mode of managing it, his own future fortunes were involved and of course his power of benefiting those most dear to him, he endeavoured to abstract his mind as much as possible from every other consideration, and as he approached the object of his examination, called up all the knowledge he had been able to obtain upon the subject.

In consequence of his possessing the requisite information, the person who sold him the clay, never attempted to

take any undue advantage, and the bargain was conducted in an open tradesman-like manner. This concluded, the mind of William was at ease, and he was enabled to resign himself without reproach to the pleasure of satisfying his curiosity and improving his taste; and after various stoppages for that purpose he at length arrived at the princely mansion of Castle Howard.

The immense amphitheatre of richly cultivated country, adorned with massy woods, immense avenues, tall obelisks, magnificent temples, and sheets of water, crowned by a stately palace, as it burst at once upon William's sight under the effect of a cloudless sky in early spring, when nature wore a robe of the most tender yet vivid green, had all the effect ascribed to enchantment. As his eye had never witnessed, so his mind had never conceived that nature could be so grand, or art so noble; and his emotions

of pleasure were oppressive from their intensity.

Unlike Charles, he shrunk not from the grandeur which astonished him ; but, after stopping some time to inhale the magnificent vision which surrounded him, he pushed forward with increasing eagerness to gain closer views of each particular object of beauty and interest ; so different is the bias of nature in her lowliest children."

The modesty of William's manners, the good sense and intuitive taste he displayed, when admitted to that room containing the Tresham collection of vases, (won so much upon the well-informed and gentlemanly person who happily for all visitors is appointed to shew the house,) that he permitted him much more time in examining them, than 'is' usually allowed ; and although William was not sufficiently an artist at this time, to bring away any correct resemblance of any one of them, yet

his mind and memory were deeply imbued with their leading traits, and the elegance of their forms, so as to render him capable of modelling his ductile materials, into something at least more beautiful than any thing he had done before ; and he departed with the consciousness of having acquired materials for improvement.

On arriving at the city of York, William felt disappointed with the narrowness of the streets, and the want of grandeur which he had concluded he should find there ; but when he once beheld the Minster, he asked no more ; awe-struck, delighted, affected, he readily concluded (with the assurance of his guide) that the whole world contained nothing to equal this splendid Cathedral ; and he had no doubt but it resembled the Temple of Solomon as it rose from the hands of that magnificent monarch, because his reading had never furnished him with any description besides, which in

the least resembled it. From this time every thing in York pleased him, and in many interesting remains of antiquity to be found there, and which he anxiously explored, he became sensible how much of his pleasure was owing to the little of historical knowledge which, through the kindness of Mr. Greville, he had acquired, which had opened a new world upon his mind by the multitude of ideas it elicited, and which were now at every step enlarged, while his memory was exercised and strengthened by the appeals made to it by every circumstance around him. As he walked upon the walls, passed through Micklegate Bar, (recollecting the horrors of civil war, when "York's head did overlook the town of York;") or examined the ancient churches with reference to their early founders, the changes made by the reformation, and the advancement of society, he felt the value of even the narrow stock of know-

ledge which he possessed, won as it had been from hours of toil and the surrounding darkness of ignorance, to be inestimable; and he promised himself that if ever he should become a father, or a master, he would furnish his child or servant, with the power of enlarging the mind by reading the word of God and the history of their native land.

“They will learn by the first,” said William, internally, “how to live in this world and rejoice in the hope of a better; and in the other (unworthy as it is to be compared with the Bible) they may see, that in the worst of times we are much better off than our forefathers, and that will teach them patience, and hope.”

The pleasanter part of our young traveller's reflections were broken in upon, and his feelings of compassion and sympathy severely exercised, by a visit to the Castle, where the case of a very

young offender, about to be tried for his life, attracted general attention, and so far as his age was concerned much commiseration. It was impossible for a reflective mind like William's to consider the fate of the prisoner, without being led to think of his own early privations, and being led also to consider the early direction of poor Charles, over whom he had so long united the cares of a father, and the affection of a brother, that his heart felt for him the united attachment belonging to both these tender relationships. This emotion was increased from his supposing that the young prisoner (whom he saw for a few moments in the felon's court) had some resemblance in his person to Charles, and his feelings became too powerful for him to controul. Hastening from a scene which, while it harrowed up his soul, yet denied him the consolation of believing that his sorrow was useful or ameliorating to those who had occa-

sioned it, he found himself in a few minutes gazing unwittingly upon the debtors who were slowly perambulating the ground permitted them for exercise.

Although these unfortunate persons presented to the contemplative mind, objects of a less overpowering and terrible interest than the felons, yet they had a strong claim on the feelings of one new to scenes of congregated misery; and William naturally delicate, was quietly withdrawing, when his eyes, which had been, recently suffused with tears, were attracted towards a person who was looking at him very earnestly. The person was pale and thin, and though in the very prime of life, had that look of premature age which might be naturally expected in his situation; yet William became instantly aware that he had seen him somewhere, and even knew him well; and he immediately took off his hat, with that more than common

respect which a good heart naturally expresses for the fallen.

The debtor advanced towards him in silence, but with his eyes rivetted to his face as he said, "You'll excuse me, Sir, perhaps I have never seen you before, but yet your eyes are very like a boy's who must now be about your age, and there seems a scar above your temple now your hat's off, so that altogether—"

"You are right, Sir," said William, who by this time had fully recollected Mr. Hardy, his first master, from his voice, though he had failed to remember the smart ruddy gentleman-farmer in the emaciated debtor. "You are right, I am William Warren who ran away from you rather than be sent to sea."

William spoke these words in a hurried and deprecating tone, for though he was fully aware that he was now advanced in age beyond any claims that could be made upon his services, yet the change

in his master's circumstances affected him with such sincere pity, that he felt as he had done in Mr. Thorncliffe's case, more his servant than in the days of his power.

Mr. Hardy appeared to read all that was passing in his mind, for in a tone very discordant with his words, he said, "Ah, William! times are changed since we met, if I may judge from your appearance, yet you have been the cause of bringing me *here*, that's certain."

"Me," exclaimed William, "I have never seen or spoke of you since, Sir, as God is my judge."

"I am not blaming you; no, no, have nobody to blame but myself, but it is true for all that — I will tell you how. That night I played the fool by acting in such a way as induced you to run off, (which by the way was also playing the fool,) I had been put up to commencing anew an old family law-suit between

my wife's relations and Dame Jefferies, who was such a fury, and had such a devil of a tongue in her head, t'would have provoked any man. Well! when you took off, I being already primed, as one may say, took it into my head that she had inveigled you away, and though you may think it odd, yet I had at that very time, a monstrous great liking for you."

William bowed, but he could not repress a smile.

"Aye, you may smile, but 'tis true, notwithstanding, and when you were gone, my rage was past bearing. Mrs. Jefferies did'nt take the way to quiet me, you may be sure; so to make short of it, I commenced a law-suit; she died, and her heirs, who had more sense and more property, carried on the affair with as much spirit as I did, because they chose to say, I had been the death of her; and to make short of it they ruined me, for here I am; but I believe I should not have had spirits to

tell you all this, if I did'nt know that I am going out to-morrow."

William congratulated him on this circumstance, and enquired, with an air of much regard, after Mrs. Hardy.

"My wife, I thank you, is well; it is to her I owe my liberation, she has worked hard to get it, for though nobody accused me of dishonesty, yet there are so many turns and corners in law, one does'nt know how to wind round them; and when I am out, I know not which way to turn me; 'tis, however, my intention, if possible, to get the management of a gentleman's estate, and as every body allowed me to be a good farmer, I hope no one will repent employing me. I am heartily glad that I have seen you, for to tell you the truth, I have spent many an unhappy hour with thinking of you, what became of you, and where have you lived all this time?"

William recounted as much of his past history as was necessary, and having ob-

tained Mrs. Hardy's address, departed as soon as he could escape from the repeated hearty wrings of the hand, of him whose powers in that part, were but too well known to him. This revival of acquaintance, though painful in one sense, was satisfactory in another; and William dwelt upon it with pleasure, as he arranged in his own mind, the contents of a crate of earthenware, which he determined to present to Mrs. Hardy.

The following morning was ushered in, by the awful entrance of the judges; and the remembrance of their important mission made a solemn and affecting impression upon his mind. After attending the opening of the courts, and witnessing so far the forms of trial, as to feel all the admiration they are so well calculated to excite, he determined on proceeding to Tadcaster that afternoon, which would enable him to reach home on the following night. He left York with a sigh of regret due to the pleasure it had im-

parted, and the idea that many years might elapse ere it was in his power to visit it again, but he looked forward with animating delight to rejoining his friends and finding his beloved mother better than he had left her.

CHAP. XIV.

THE sun shone very bright, as William took his way over the race course, and for some time he rode with his hat pulled over his eyes to avoid its beams. As these declined, he looked at the neat foot-path made for the accommodation of walkers, and was somewhat surprised, considering how much bustle he had left in the city behind him, to perceive only two human beings within his view, the one a beggar woman sitting, or almost lying on the path, the other a man in black, who was slowly advancing towards the city, as if returning from his accustomed walk.

Beggars of every description were ob-

jects of interest to William, for whether he pitied or condemned them, they reminded him of his former life, and he felt as if they had a claim upon his attention at least; and though he was obliged to confine his charitable donations within narrow limits, yet a cheering word, or a friendly salutation, as it had always been in his power to bestow, was never withheld, but to disgusting vice or insolent effrontery. His habit, therefore, as much as his compassion, induced him to ride up close to the path, where he saw the poor woman, who, although she was probably a common beggar, drawing towards the city at a time when the assizes had filled it with strangers, on whose carelessness or compassion she might practise, might yet be in a state of suffering, it was his duty to attend to as a fellow creature.

But though William drew towards the woman, his looks were almost in despite of himself, fixed upon the man; he was

well dressed in mourning, yet he did not look like a gentleman, and still less like an artizan ; his tall perpendicular figure, his thin white hairs with a sprinkling of powder, tied, and the manner in which he carried his stick gave him the look of a military man, to which was added the circumstance of his left arm, or rather sleeve, (for alas ! the limb was no longer there,) being fastened in a kind of sling, which confirmed the idea.

“ He is, doubtless, an old sergeant,” said William to himself, and the remembrance of Sergeant Hallam, caused his heart to throb in his bosom, and all his feelings of infantine tenderness to return upon his memory ; but he checked them to speak to the woman whom he had now reached, and whose appearance and situation were such, that he could scarcely distinguish whether she was suffering from sickness, or disabled by drunkenness, but in either case, he did not wish to quit

her, without the assistance or opinion of another.

The stranger in black soon came up with them, and with much urbanity, addressed the beggar woman in a low voice, which, from William being on horseback, he could not hear distinctly, but as he stopped, and thereby proved his desire of rendering assistance, the old soldier (for such he now evidently was,) came up to him and said, (he was sorry to find the wretched woman before them, who was not unknown to him, was really in a deplorable state, and if it would not inconvenience William much, he wished he would ride back to the nearest public-house, and bring somebody with a great chair, or any thing on which she could be carried, adding, "that when she was there, he would engage to provide for her wants.")

The benevolent stranger had lost his front teeth, which affected his speech, and he had a large scar on his cheek, but

yet there was something in his countenance extremely prepossessing to William, and he felt that he could have done a much greater service for him with pleasure; he did not, however, stop to make professions, but turning his horse's head, soon reached the place pointed out, and in a little time returned with a stout young man, and an arm chair, leaving his horse at the house. The poor woman was placed in the chair and carried with great care by William and the man to the public-house; but at the moment they were going to take her into it, she cried out with all the power which evident suffering would permit,

“To the Castle, to the Castle — take me to the Castle, let me see him before I die; I cannot die till I have seen him.”

The stranger enquired, “Whom she wished to see at the Castle?”

“Bill, my poor little Bill, they are going to try him for house-breaking, (the wretches,) and they will hang him, I know they will, and it is all, *all*, ow-

ing to me — I want only to see him once more. Oh, for God's sake take me to the Castle."

"But when I saw your five years ago you told me Bill was dead; besides the youth now at the Castle under such dreadful circumstances is only sixteen and his christian name is Charles."

"I know, I know it all," cried the wretched woman with a frantic air, "his name is Charles, but I used to call him Bill, because it came natural to my tongue, and it was *me*, only *me*, that taught him mischief, he was as good a child, as sweet a creature as ever broke bread, before I stole him.

William started forward; "My poor woman if you mean a child stolen from Farmer S——'s, and who was afterwards left at Mr. Thorncliffe's sale, and who was beaten for—"

"Yes! yes I do — 'tis him whom I mean."

"Then be comforted, he is in good

hands, free from all harm, and cured, yes, thank God, thoroughly cured of all bad habits ; I know him well, my mother took him from the hour you left him."

The poor woman, overcome with the joyful relief, sunk back fainting in the chair, and the stranger urged the propriety of taking her into the house before any people should pass (as might be expected) to whom she would be an unpleasant object of curiosity.

But now a new obstacle arose, the landlady protested against receiving, " any such rubbishy people into her house ; for her part, she was quite sure the woman would die, and she should be glad to know who would make her amends."

The stranger and William with one voice assured her that she should be indemnified for all trouble and expence.

" Come, come woife," said the landlord gently interfering, " thee mun just let the poor cratur be ta'en care on, I'm

sure as how this young gentleman looks honest an a man at'll keep his word, but if so be as he wasn't, we all know what our good neighbour is, his word's as good as any man's bond."

The landlady suffered herself to be persuaded, and her maid and daughter conveyed the poor woman to bed, while the landlord himself stepped out to fetch a doctor. The stranger, who was evidently a man to whom the works of the good Samaritan were familiar, staid some time in the woman's chamber, and when he came down observed, "that although he wished to see a medical man, yet he was convinced with the landlady that death was inevitable."

"Why, Mr. Hallam, you be a person to know to be sure, for as one may say you have seen enough of it in former days, but, however, I'll step out and look for my husband."

"Hallam! Hallam!" said William, but his tongue clove to his mouth, and he

felt oppressed almost to suffocation ; his hat which had remained pulled over his eyes he now suddenly threw upon the floor, tore open his coat, and at length with an almost frantic gesture seizing the stranger's hand, cried, " Are you ? can you be Sergeant Hallam of the —— regiment ? "

" Certainly I am, or, rather *was*, but who are you young man ?

" Oh ! Sir," said William taking his hand while the warm tears coursed each other down his cheek, " surely you remember William Warren who was killed and left two children ? "

" To be sure I do, little Bill and pretty Bess, but they — "

" I am little Bill who never, *never*, can forget your kindness ; my sister too, young as she was, remembers you ; we are continually talking of you to each other ; ah, how often have we wished for this happy day. "

" Happy day. " repeated the old sol-

dier setting down and resting his head upon his hand, as if overpowered by the rapidity of succeeding incidents, and half afraid to believe that he really beheld the boy, who had been the child of his affections.

“Surely I may call it happy,” said William, in a somewhat reproachful tone, “for I have never ceased to desire, nor I hope to be worthy of it, (God forgive me if I speak too proudly,) but as I am pretty well what you made me—”

“Where did you last see me? What did I say to you then? and what ship did you sail in?” asked the Sergeant with that rapidity which evinced a dread of imposition and an eagerness to see he had a right in the object before him.

William's answers were clear, simple, convincing, and though much remained to examine and ask, the old man felt that his own boy was in his arms. He embraced him, looked at him, recognised every feature and embraced him

again — but the terrible weight still pulling at his heart forbade his exultation ; and at length he said. “ But if you are indeed William Warren, and can boast the same honest little heart I once delighted in, why this mystery between you and your mother ? Are you working on my feelings for some particular purpose, or does the consciousness of your mother’s guilt compel you to this reserve ?

“ My mother. Oh, Sir ! I do not understand your question, nor do you understand my situation ; I have not seen her ten long years or more.”

“ Ten long minutes you mean, young man,” said the sergeant with a severe look.

But the astonishment, the horror, the universal agony, which at this moment pervaded William’s features, convinced the good man that wonderful as it was, yet the mother and son were strangers to each other’s existence till this moment. About five years before, he had seen and

recognised the widow of his comrade, and though shocked at her appearance, he was yet delighted with the means of enquiring after her children, of whom he had vainly sought for intelligence. This was within a week of the time when she had forsaken Charles, whom as a stolen child, who had now an opportunity of explaining to those who might take him into custody the nature of her connexion with him, would, she thought, be the cause of trouble to her, and she therefore answered to all enquiries by one sweeping clause, "the children were dead;" and then hastened to a distant part of the country, where she was not likely to be seen by any one who knew her.

After she was gone Sergeant Hallam heard so bad a character of her, that he conceived it possible that she had deceived him, for fear she should be detained by him, or detected in any bad practices towards her children; and, for

some time he had continued to hope that either one or other would be found, and he seemed to hold for them a place in his heart, by repressing the natural love he had for children (further than by trifling attentions) in the hope that he should still find those of his early adoption; but the last two years passed hopelessly along, and having in that time buried his own sister, who was his only surviving relative, he began to cast his eye round among his neighbours and acquaintance, for some one whom he could substitute for those who were gone. Alas! the heart late in life loses the power of attaching itself to new objects, and binds itself like the faithful ivy rather to the withered tree which once supported, than the youthful plants which spring around it; and the warm heart of the good sergeant remained unoccupied save by acts of casual benevolence.

When William a little recovered from

the agitation into which this strange, shocking, and yet affecting discovery had thrown him, he became extremely anxious to see his mother, and by assuring her of his welfare, remove from her mind the distress which he was convinced she must feel on that subject, notwithstanding her cruelty to him, and the course of life she had since pursued, which had a tendency to deaden every natural feeling. Still the circumstance of her calling Charles by *his* name, and the evident exertion she had made to see the unhappy youth now in the Castle, under the persuasion that it was the same whom she had initiated in vice, bespoke a heart not wholly dead to feeling; and William's anxiety that her sensibility might now be devoted to the best purposes, that her repentance might be awakened, her departing soul enlightened, and some divine consolation administered to her, became intense.

The good sergeant entered most readily

into all his views, and fearful of too abrupt a discovery, went up stairs to prepare her for the reception of her son; he found her taking some medicine, which was intended to procure repose, but the agitation of her mind was too great, to submit to its power. She informed the sergeant, that two days before, when in a very distant part of the country, she had, by mere chance, become one of the hearers of a field-preacher, who in the course of his address (which was levelled at the consciences of gross sinners) had mentioned the youth now in the Castle by name, and so described his person, (though the likeness to Charles was purely accidental,) that she had been induced to believe he was the child she had stolen, and instructed in theft, and that from that moment her agonies of remorse had been as great as if she had murdered him. That she had travelled night and day ever since, to visit and console him,

and at length sunk down overpowered, when she saw the walls that inclosed him. This account was interrupted with many tears and half-uttered prayers, in the language of the preacher, for alas! she had no words of her own, in which to address the author of her being.

“But on this head,” said the good sergeant, “you may be easy; but I fear there are other things upon your mind; your own children are not dead, as you told me; have you any idea of what is become of them?”

“I know Bess is dead,” she cried eagerly, “I once saw her, and death was staring in her eyes, it was the best thing that could happen, for she was too pretty to live and do well — as to Bill, he would get his bread any where, and” —

Then giving a terrible shriek, she cried out, “you don’t think he is hanged, do you sergeant? it is *me*, it is *me*, I have killed them all; it is my doings — it is my doings.”

William, who had listened to this heart-rending conversation, now stepped forward, and assured her he lived; but the distress of her mind, confused also by the opiate she had taken, combined to prevent her from understanding him, so far as to believe him. She had no power of associating her poor ragged, deserted child, with the tall, well-dressed young man before her, and the sergeant became persuaded, that so far as she did recognise him, she took him for his father; as whenever she perceived him, she put her hand before her eyes, and muttered some kind of exorcism.

During the whole night William watched the sick bed of his wretched parent, perpetually doomed to recollect the contrast it offered with that of poor old Joseph; and vainly hoping that returning intellect would enable her to be conscious of his existence, and that of his sister; and above all, that she might gain some consolation to her wandering

but afflicted spirit. As towards morning she sunk into a disturbed slumber, it was the opinion of those around her, that she would probably awaken refreshed and in her senses, and in this hope a pious clergyman kindly attended, and with great patience, and in the simplest language endeavoured to make himself understood by her; but though she showed an air of resignation, and a determined suppression of complaint, it was evident that her sufferings and her fears had rendered her incapable of comprehension. William had the sad satisfaction of believing that she recognised him before she died, and of knowing that he had never left her for a moment, although she did not expire till the morning of the second day, when her sufferings appeared to subside, and she departed without a struggle.

Awful was this scene of death to William, as it had been to Charles, yet he was thankful to providence, that he had

been enabled in any measure to smooth the pillow of death to one, who, though utterly unworthy of the name, was still his mother. He was glad that poor Betsy was spared the sight of her sufferings, and having written home for longer absence, and the advance of a little money, both of which were readily granted, he prepared to perform the last duties, and follow his mother to the grave.

When all was over, in the society and kindness, the warm approbation and sympathy of his earliest friend, William found a solid satisfaction and settled pleasure, which far exceeded even the pair he had so recently experienced; while the good old soldier seemed on *his* part to have renewed his hold on life and his sense of enjoyment; and partial as he professed himself to be to York, from having lived there the last seven years in much comfort on a narrow income, he yet declared that he must once more be-

come a wanderer, and pitch his tent with the children he loved.

“ But you do not enquire, William, how I acquired any income at all,” said the old man one day, as the young one was admiring the neatness of his lodgings, and the exactness which characterised all his movements.

“ I have no right to do that,” said William, “ but I am heartily glad to find you in possession of so many comforts, and it cannot surprise any body who knows you, that somebody should have provided for your age by leaving you a legacy, which I apprehend must be the cause of your income; since as a soldier you could not earn the means of competence.”

The sergeant at this moment drew out several drawers from a neat little oak cabinet, in which were knives, scissars, lancets, and other useful articles of hardware, arranged in the neatest manner. — “ To such things as these,” said he, “ I

owe the little independence I possess. I lost both my parents at an early age, and I was placed by the poor-house as a parish apprentice, with a cutter; previous to this I had lived in the country, and my hatred of a close pent-up workshop was such, that during the whole fourteen years which I was compelled to pass in one, my distaste continued, and I determined whenever I obtained my freedom, at all events to get into the country.

“ But dear heart, when that time came, there was no employment to which I could turn my hand, in the situation I wished; and as a desire which I always felt to travel, increased upon me, and I had no one to consult, or who cared for me, (save my sister,) and I was a tall good-looking lad, I at length came to the resolution of going for a soldier, in calm soberness of consideration, which I believe few young men do. On telling my master my resolution, though he ex-

pressed himself sorry, yet he did not dissuade me much, and on finding me fixed he went with me to my officer, to whom he gave me an excellent character, and before I left the town, he advised me to endeavour to deal in a little way with useful common articles, such as must be wanted in every community, and on which I might lay so moderate a profit, as to oblige my customers, and yet leave myself certain gains, which he advised me to lay up against the time when I might happen to marry.

“As I had then some bounty money, I took his advice, and laid out all I could spare, and he had the kindness to trust me with goods to the amount of two guineas more, although it was a chance, you know, that ever he saw me again. I was, however, afterwards a good customer to him, and paid him in the course of the following twenty years, many hundred pounds. For the first five years I did little business, and even when I be-

gan to do better, I made no point of saving my profits; but as I advanced in life, and saw more of it, I thought the more of my master's advice, and as I had by this time applied some of my money to gaining a little knowledge of writing and accounts, I was the better able to manage my business; you will of course conclude, that in the harassing life I led, it was only at times, and under particular circumstances, that I could either procure goods, or dispose of them, and that I frequently, in my little way, suffered by bad debts; however, as I always sold only that which was really good of its kind, I could generally command my customers, and when, on account of my steadiness and my learning, I was advanced to a halberd, my opportunities increased, and I traded to better account; and since my retirement, I have still done a little as you perceive from these drawers, which contain the remains of a stock I am now disposing of. Great shopkeepers would laugh at my use of

their terms in my little way, but I am proud of having it to say, that there have been times when I was trusted to the amount of fifty pounds, so high was my character for honesty and punctuality; and when I left the army, in which I served forty years,* I was master of five hundred pounds, acquired by these means and that of the accumulation of gains regularly funded. I was never covetous, though I was thus careful, for I never lost an opportunity of sending my sister something, and I am certain that my poor comrades," —

"Oh," said William, "my dear friend, spare yourself the trouble of justification on that head; I have memory enough to save you the task."

"Had I married," continued the sergeant, "I should have been more anxious, and might have done more, or, perhaps, have spent all; but the very first campaign I made determined me on that

* A fact.

subject. The sufferings I witnessed many poor women undergo brought me to a resolution, which I am most thankful that I kept, although I have been as desirous of a companion as most men. I believe my advice and resolves had a great influence upon my sister, although we were parted for many years, as she, like myself, never took a partner, but always looked to spending the remainder of her days with me, which happily took place. If you think it surprising that a soldier should save a competence, what do you say to a servant girl doing the same? But you must observe it was after a long life of servitude, for my sister was a little older than me."

"I can only say, that I am glad to hear of it; but I fear she will have few imitators."

"My sister entered life under the same unfavourable circumstances with myself; she became at a very early age the servant of a widow, who supported herself

and daughters by keeping a grocer's shop, and Hannah had the drudgery of that business to do in addition to her work in the house. This eventually led to her serving in the shop, which laid the foundation of her attaining the independence of which I spoke, for herself, and the means of her assisting, for many years, to support a family of orphans. You shall hear all her history some day, 'tis enough to say for the present, that, after a servitude of sixty years, this good creature had the satisfaction of ending her days with that brother, she had ever fondly loved. She was an excellent manager of our little property, and when I returned home, after a long ramble, or a day's fishing, I ever found a neat meal, a cheerful reception, and a pleasant, though plain account of the book she had been reading."

"Then she had picked up a little education?"

"She learned to read when turned of

fifty, but, although a shopkeeper for so many years, never obtained any knowledge of ciphering, much less writing; yet, in the whole course of that time, never had a dispute as to the accuracy of her accounts. By a method which she taught herself, she was enabled to reckon with facility, and even to register her transactions, so as to enable her to convey the necessary information to her employers, to whom she regularly carried that, and the day-book every night, and never permitted any circumstance to excuse them from entering it; being, in this particular, as pertinacious in obtaining attention, as in every other, she was found modest, retiring, and submissive; at once a humble servant, and yet an unwearied benefactor, as many now living can testify. Poor thing! how happy was it for her; that, when all the labours of her long life were over, she could find such pleasure in reading; books of travels were her principal delight, which,

probably, arose from the interest she took in every thing relative to me; but much higher were the comforts she derived from studying the New Testament, and reading such tracts of divinity as lift the heart to heaven, through the mediation of the Redeemer: ah! how truly might it be said, ‘we took sweet counsel together, and walked in the house of God as friends.’”

The sergeant arose, and took several turns in the room, before he could subdue the emotion; the remembrance of his sister naturally excited; but when William observed, that his wonted resignation to the divine will (and the calm hope of a happy re-union, which was the food of comfort to his mind,) had regained its power, he pressed upon him his ardent wishes, that he would remove to *his* place of residence, and seek, in the affectionate society of Betsy and himself, a poor substitute for the excellent companion of which he was bereaved.

“ ’Tis true,” said William, “ you will have a great loss of your good friend and invaluable minister, Mr. G —, but our rector is also a very good man ; and, though we have not so many nice churches as you have here, yet we have preaching very near us, and now and then, it is very good, I assure you.”

“ I doubt not it is, and *now and then* I shall be happy to hear it ; for God forbid that I should dare to despise that which he has, in many instances, evidently blessed ; but if I come amongst you, William, I must insist upon it, that I have perfect liberty, to do as I please in this respect, that I am neither way-laid, exhorted, reproached, or tormented in any way, by the good people about you ; no not even by Elizabeth herself.”

“ She is the last person living, who would think of such a thing. Oh no ! her humility is genuine, not affected ; besides she is a constant church-woman herself. I don’t know one person who

would think of lecturing you, unless it was Susan Humphries, and she is now leaving the country."

On further enquiry, as the good sergeant found, that Mr. Humphries was likely to be admitted soon to fill that place as a round preacher, which the ambition of his wife had so long desired, he consented that whenever two people removed, whom he considered as the only impediments to his comforts and liberty of action, he would once more change his abode, and seek, in the evening of his days, for those childlike attentions, and duteous cares, which the warm heart of William so evidently accorded him; and delighted with this promise, the young man departed.

CHAP. XV.

The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and passed the night away.
Talk'd o'er his wounds, with tales of battle done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields were won.
GOLDSMITH.

WHEN William presented himself at Elizabeth's cottage, the joyful welcome with which he was received, and the events he related, were listened to with a sympathy which exceeded even that so lately accorded to Charles. Betty with characteristic piety, observed that, "she thought that his erring parent, of the two, came to a better end than the rich sinner had done," but, observing, that on this subject, William could not take the comfort she wished to bestow, with her

usual good sense, she dropped it entirely.

Frank had been dispatched for Betsy and Mary, and in a short time, they, together with Charles, arrived; the latter, in his ardent and long embrace, seemed to tell his more than brother, that he now relied more than ever on him for counsel and assistance, and his first words were those of apology for having ventured to take a share of the house during his absence; "but," he added, eagerly, "you will like it, I am sure, for it is so very snug and comfortable, you can't think; so very different from the frightful great rooms at the Hall, with their dark, sweeping curtains and ghastly looking-glasses, you can *not* imagine."

"Yes, I can, Charles, for I have seen grand rooms and splendid mirrors myself, during my journey."

"They are shocking things to my mind, for I durst not look up for fear of seeing myself or somebody else at full

length? Well! I hope never to have any of them staring sights to go through again; give me a little parlour, a little garden with plenty of flowers, and our dear mother to take care of it."

"In time you may wish for a little wife, Charles?"

"I did not think of that, but even then —"

"Ah, even *then*," said Betty, "your mother will not be deserted, for poor Frank will be with her, and oh! what a son has he not already proved himself."

The word "*wife*," brought ready blushes on the cheeks of Betsy, while it displaced them on Mary's anxious countenance. William was not long uninformed of this circumstance, that young S—— had made proposals to his sister, which were well received, and added greatly to his happiness, by opening an excellent prospect to her. On his first interview with Mr. Thorncliffe, he found that Humphries being impatient to depart, it

was settled that he should go on the following week, and further agreed by Mr. Tomlinson and him, that as the house where he had resided was the only proper one for the overlooker of the pottery, that William should be settled in it immediately, and invested with the cares and emoluments accorded to the late inhabitant.

A situation of so much importance could not but be received most thankfully by our poor beggar-boy; but his deep sense of its many duties in the first moment, rendered its awful responsibility almost oppressive to him. He soon, however, regained his spirits, and his warm gratitude to his generous masters was evinced by entering with all his powers into the duties of his situation. He, however, added to this every kind attention to the situation of Charles, and the future residence of his sister; and his good health, exact habits, and natural agility rendered him equal to the various busi-

ness which now pressed upon him, and every day confirmed his employers in the belief that, young as he was, their confidence in him was in every respect properly placed.

When the time arrived for Humphries to quit his situation, his household furniture was sold, and Mr. Tomlinson advanced William twenty pounds, with which to purchase necessities, observing, at the same time, "that if he should be so fortunate as to hear of a lodger who would take the rooms once occupied by Mr. Thorpcliffe, he would willingly lend him the means of furnishing them. William's mind naturally reverted to the good sergeant's promise, and he became anxious to the greatest degree, to render his future house an agreeable home to the friend of his infancy. While he was debating on the power of doing this, that good friend who had of course heard from him and Betsy an account of all their movements, suddenly appeared

before him accompanied by a waggon load of neat furniture, and thus obviated all his wants, save for the personal accommodations of one for whom he felt so anxiously, and who, "in this very action, as he voluntarily upon himself the character of a father, claimed the tenderest cares of a son.

William's trouble did not continue long, for even while the sergeant was assuring him, "that an old soldier could lie down in any corner and eat a bit of any thing," Mr. Thorncliffe, who had stepped into the house to assist William, by his advice, came up, and insisted on taking Mr. Hallam home with him until every thing in the house should be made comfortable. This attention to the good old man, (who received it with the respect due to a commanding officer, joined to the ease of one who has seen much of the world,) was exceedingly gratifying to William, who, conscious of the kind attention he would receive from Mrs.

Thorncliffe, and the pleasure he must have in seeing Betsey, beheld his master and his friend depart together, with sensations that the noble, the wealthy, even the virtuous might have envied.

Charles, Betty, and poor Frank, delighted with what they conceived an acquisition to William, hastened to unpack the sergeant's furniture, which consisted of the two good beds lately occupied by himself and his sister, and the bright chairs, and tables of their pretty sitting-room, together with the drawers which contained his remaining stock in trade, his books, clothes, &c. These things were disposed in every possible way, until the very best situation was discovered for them, which William defined to be that in which they looked as they used to do; nor did he rest till Mrs. Hannah's tea-chest was placed on the table under the little oval glass; and the sergeant's sword was hung over th

chimney-piece, as he had seen it in his former abode.

Before our young favourite had finished his arrangements, the lover of Betsey returned, accompanied by his only sister, the youngest child of the farmer, who came to assist him in making preparations for beginning business. This young man was very agreeable to William, and in the activity and steadiness he evinced, won so much upon Mr. Haslam, that he declared it was his intention to present Betsey with fifty pounds, as a wedding portion, and that he should eventually divide his property between her and William, whose only wish was, that many, *many*, years might pass, before he received the legacy; but so far as such expectation added to his personal importance, he was thankful for it. His situation at present was one of difficulty, for he was called upon to direct a number of men older than himself, many of whom knew him in his poorest days; and al-

though he was admired by all, and beloved by many, there was still a lurking jealousy about some, that often thwarted his views, and continually sought to derogate from his power. "To be governed by a beggar, was hard upon people, who had never known beggary; but if he was a-kin to *somebody*, that had *something*, why, that altered the case."

William, anxious to conciliate all, so that he did not compromise the interests of the concern, found the benefit of increased importance, therefore, in the presence of his friend, who soon became himself an object of much interest to all the new neighbourhood in which he had fixed his residence; and as he was at that period of life, when power is dear even to the best regulated mind, it is natural to conclude that his happiness was every way increased by his removal.

When William's house was ready, Betsey and the old soldier removed thither together, accompanied by many tokens

of good-will from the Hall, and tears of all the children. Pleased with the house, and affected by William's attention to all those peculiarities which grow upon a bachelor's habits and arrangements, whether in low, or humble life, sergeant Hallam declared that henceforward, the garden should be his charge, and his amusement; and the diligence with which he applied himself to improvement in it, kept pace with his professions. But the immediate vicinity of a manufactory furnished other objects of attention. He had considerable skill in surgery, and many a wounded joint drew round him claimants on his knowledge, and subjects for his charity. He had seen many countries, fought in many battles, and as summer advanced, and he sat under the little arbour, which he had latticed, many loiterers of the more intelligent among the workmen, loved to enquire about his wounds, and lead him, "to shoulder his crutch, and

show how fields were won ;” and with their masters; he was in still higher requisition, for they found in his strong sense, genuine benevolence, and experience, much quiet amusement, and real information.

In the course of the summer Betsey was married, and removed to her new habitation, which was neatly fitted up for her in every respect; and where she entered on her new duties with that modest activity which distinguished her as a gentle, industrious, sensible girl. At the same time, Frank was enabled to open his school with every prospect of success, as such an establishment was much wanted in the place, and he was considered competent to all he undertook, except the management of rude, untoward children, for which his youth and person appeared to unfit him; but here the good sergeant became a person of great consequence and utility, he never failed to visit the place at least once a

day, and the stateliness of his form, his deliberate speech, his military enforcement of order, produced the happiest effects. Happy was the urchin whose efforts were rewarded by his nod of approval, and bitterly ashamed were those marked out as subjects of his remonstrance, or punishment; and as it was never known exactly when he would make his appearance, fear and hope operated; until discipline became regularly established, and the labours of the young man were rendered comparatively easy.

Exactly in proportion as this poor youth felt himself estimated in society so did the asperity of his temper soften and whatever was hard, proud, indignant, and unworthy in his spirit gave way, melting like ice beneath the beam of love and kindness. Whilst he conceived himself scorned by the world, he nourished every hateful feeling against that world, and he now reflected, with

deep repentance, on the conduct he had displayed towards Elizabeth on his first going to her, although, in her opinion, it was wholly obliterated by his devoted attention to her during her long sickness, and that singleness of affection, which he evinced for her, and which seemed to absorb all that was kind in his nature. This was not, however, the case, for his heart now expanded to all that were connected with her, and in the good-will they evinced for each other, he was led to see how much their happiness was increased, by those courtesies he had formerly despised, and that subdual of every angry passion he had so long indulged in. This urbanity of disposition was soon extended to the more amiable part of his pupils, to whom he was an indefatigable teacher, but to the untractable he was inclined to be severe, because he connected the idea of personal disrespect with their error: — it is, however, certain that he was a good mas-

ter to all, and that when Betty sat down in an evening to listen to him reading, on her right hand, or Charles, relating some proof of William's cleverness, on her left, there were few mothers more happy in the sons whom she had thus saved from misery and guilt, to behold happy, respectable, and useful men.

"There is no doing without a mistress in the house," said the sergeant, "now Betsey is gone

William assented, and with a somewhat heightened colour, observed, "that if his friend had no objection, he would bring one into the house in another week."

"None at all, William; but, before she comes, I must inform you how you stand in the world."

William thought he had known exactly, but he listened with a look indicative of submissive attention.

“ You know, William, exactly what money I am possessed of; and I hope you also know, how sincerely I wish to benefit you, by helping you with any means I have; but, as you must be aware that there is a risk in all trade, so you must see, that I should be much to blame if I suffered, even my affections for you to lead me to place that by which I eat my daily bread in any dubious situation; since, if it were lost, my poverty would be to you a source of unbounded wretchedness. I, therefore, cannot touch that which I deem exclusively my own, but of the 500l. left me by my sister, out of which I made Betsy a present, I will give you also 50l., and lend you 200l. I have spoken to Mr. Thorncliffe, who has kindly promised that Charles and you shall be allowed a 500l.-share in the business between you from next Christmas, which is to accumulate its profits till it is doubled; after which you may manage the matter, as your increased

wants and expenditure may render it convenient."

William would eagerly have expressed the thanks which yet he found difficult to pronounce, but the old man continued, "Now many a young woman would like to take the 50l., to make themselves and the house smart, and as Mary is a good looking, tasty girl, perhaps she may, but I ——"

"Oh! no, no," cried William, "Mary has a great deal too much good sense to think of such a thing. I assure you, though she is always neat and smart, and even conceives it her duty to appear creditable to the place she fills; yet, if Mary had not been kept poor by the wants of her sickly father, she would have saved money as Betsy did, although her wages were moderate as times go, for Mrs. Greville does not approve of high wages. As to the house, Sir, it wants only her in it, to be all I can wish; and I know she will make it as neat as your own

sister could have done. That *I* should have a house at all — such a house too as this, with every comfort about me ; you *with* me, and dear *Mary coming* to me ; Oh, 'tis too much — too much."

William threw himself into a chair, and covering his face with his hands, wept freely ; his heart, humbled by a sense of divine goodness, was yet exalted by the gratitude he felt for the blessings which surrounded him, and which were the dearer to his feelings the more they were extended to those he loved.

When William rose from this sweet indulgence of awakened thankfulness, the first thing he did was, in his own opinion, the best way of proving a just sense of the blessings he enjoyed. Charles was about to write, as he had been commanded to his patron, and as his letters were all of William's dictating, he determined to use the opportunity of endeavouring to benefit Mr. Hardy, by recommending him to the Barone. He was

happy in his application, for a nobleman who was then visiting Sir Charles, happened to want a person of this description, and was so pleased with the simple yet manly stile of Charles's letter, that he lost no time in sending for Hardy, who since his liberation had been, as William knew, in that part of the country.

As Hardy really understood agriculture, and was evidently a man of respectable education, and one who was much reduced in life, his noble employer engaged him on liberal terms, and treated him with that personal attention which is ever so welcome from the great; and which rarely fails to elicit the most lively gratitude. So warmly were the feelings of Hardy awakened, that he could not forbear setting out immediately to thank William for a recommendation which promised such happy consequences, for he was fully aware to whom he was indebted, as Charles's letter had

mentioned the name of William as his voucher.

When Mr. Hardy arrived at the village, he began to think he had done a foolish thing, for he had little money to spend, and though William's appearance was highly respectable at York, yet it was utterly unlikely that he had the power of entertaining him. He was therefore not a little surprised, when he was shown to such a respectable habitation as that now inhabited by the poor boy, whom a few years before was driven from his house by the unfounded passion and unmeaning threats which he had exhibited. Nor was he less ashamed, than he had been surprised when he was introduced to that poor woman who had nourished the plant on which he had trampled; and that venerable old man, whose penetrating eye told him too well that he could estimate the difference between them.

William was, however, truly glad to see him, and to congratulate him on his

good fortune, and he pressed him so earnestly to remain with him for two or three days, (which his engagement did not deny him the right to do,) that he consented, and soon lost every uneasy sensation, in witnessing the activity, ability, and happiness, of his once despised vagabond.

CHAP. XVI.

Here was a lover fond, a friend sincere,
Here was content and joy, for *she* was here.

CRAEKE.

“I wish,” said Mr. Greville, to his friend Mr. Hilton, “that you would do me the favour to marry a couple for me, on Monday, for I am to give away the bride, who has been my servant above seven years, in which case, I always give a wedding dinner.”

“With all my heart; so much of our domestic comfort, and indeed the general well-being of society, depends upon that class of people, that I think when they act properly, (which is now-a-days seldom the case,) we cannot do too much to

encourage others to follow their example. Will you have any other company?"

"Oh, yes, my good neighbour Thorncliffe, his amiable wife, and some of their children, an old sergeant, who is worthy of being a general of invalids, and an old woman who is above all praise. There are several more of their friends whom I wish to have, and for whom Mrs. Greville has provided, but as so large a party will be too much for her, (as her kindness is far above her strength,) I have declined inviting them; they will meet altogether at the house of the new married couple, in the evening."

"I have heard many praise-worthy things of Mr. Thorncliffe, for the last year or two; but have never happened to meet him since the evening you took me to his house, when I confess, I was terribly annoyed by the Methodist preacher, and his female satellite."

"You were younger then, my friend, than you are now, and suffered yourself

to be disgusted where you ought only to have found occasion for forbearance, and a lesson for exertion in your own duties, as I dare say you have since discovered. Such lessons have been *forced* on me many a time, and I rejoice to say, the result has been increased; humility towards God, extended anxiety for the present and eternal good of my parishioners, and redoubled exertions for their welfare, and see! — see, how I am repaid!"

"I know your congregation is very flourishing now, when I last preached for you, I saw with pleasure, Thorncliffe and his family, in their seat, and a number of his workmen about the place; your Sunday-school also was very full, and the children admirably regulated."

"That was in winter, when I was ill, were you to see them *now*, what would you say? The old sergeant has brought up all the stragglers, among people of his own age; the pretty young shop-

keepers have been attractive to persons of *their* own : the crooked schoolmaster, continues to improve my Sunday scholars, many of whom are *his* own, and the pretty youth who lives with him, sings like an angel; all come constantly to church, all look up to their minister as their friend, and teacher; and if some of them go to meeting also, surely I have no right to complain? Every one knows his own wants best, and it is very possible that in dealing out the bread of life, I do not suit every man's palate, or supply every man's necessities."

"Or please every man's caprices, ignorance and conceit you may say, my dear Sir."

"No, no, I will say nothing of the kind; there have been faults on both sides. Some years ago, when our venerable sovereign * was asked 'how he liked a sermon,' (preached by a young man at

Windsor,) he answered, with his usual good sense, and characteristic piety: 'the language was very elegant, and the doctrines, so far as they went, unexceptionable, but there was not enough of Jesus Christ in the sermon, to inform and satisfy a Christian congregation.' Such were my sermons in the days that are past, although I loved my people, and sincerely desired their good; I trust we now mutually understand our relative duties better than we did then, and that our union is established on the best foundation. That they are returned to me at all I sincerely thank my Heavenly Father, but I should be ungrateful not to say that his humble instruments have been Elizabeth, and her beggar boys.

About six years after the above story was written, a gentleman who had read it, and experienced more than common interest in the poor people whose history

it has attempted to delineate, having occasion to travel near that part of the country, where Mr. Thorncliffe's manufactory was carried on, determined to give one day to investigating the state of the parties at that time; and he was more particularly led to this enquiry, because the writer of the story had, from a material removal in her own family, entirely lost sight of them.

As the gentleman approached the village, on that side where the manufactory was built, he perceived with pleasure a long row of neat, brick buildings which had evidently been raised within a short time for the convenience of the manufacturers; and therefore spoke the increasing importance of the concern. So many and so rapid, however, had been the changes of property within late years, that it crossed the gentleman's mind with much pain, that these buildings were probably raised by some new purchaser of the concern, who possessed a property

more 'adequate to the wants evidently required by the extensive buildings, with their immense chimnies, which now were spread before him.

Three carts laden with crates of earthen ware, which soon passed him, relieved this apprehension, for on their broad fronts were legibly painted, the firm of "Thorncliffe, Warren, and Co."

"Is Mr. Warren's house near this place?" said the gentleman to the man who drove the last cart.

"Yes, it be close by, when you've turned that corner, it stands in a garden, and have a new bow winder at this end."

"Perhaps you know Mr. Warren, and can tell me if he is at home?"

"Why, as to knowing him, most loike I do, for he be my master, and I ha nothing to say against him, 'that's for certain, but I know'd him first of any body i this country, when he'd ne'er a shoe to his foot."

“ Perhaps you were farmer Forest’s servant at that time.”

The man answered sulkily, “ may be he was,” and our traveller finding that all further information was prematurely cut off, pushed forward to the house where he determined to call upon the master.

Giving his horse to his servant, he opened the garden gate, and proceeded to the entrance of the house, which was arched by a green lattice-work, covered with the most luxuriant woodbine; within the side of the arch sat an old man whose forehead was bald, and whose hair was white as snow, but whose neat dress and tall spare figure immediately proclaimed the good sergeant, two very fine little boys, with each a strait twig in his hand stood opposite the old man going through their military exercise; and a little girl that could scarcely walk stood between his legs.

The gentleman perceived that the old man’s eyes were fixed on the children,

and that ~~his~~ steps were unheard, he therefore stood still to admire the group before him, when a light foot proceeding from the house, claimed his attention ; it was a neat, handsome young woman, who came to take the youngest child, and at the same time, in a tone of great tenderness, she exhorted the old man to come into the house, and offered her disengaged arm to assist him.

“ I will only stop here till William’s return,” said he.

“ But, my dear Sir, William may be half an hour, you know he will drive my mother round the meadows as usual, and then have to carry her out of the chair into the house, and come home, and meantime the dews will be falling, and you will take cold.”

“ Come then, my young soldiers, we will go in,” said the old man, “ for I am sure your mother is always right. I will hear you your prayers, and then it will be bed-time for us three.”

The children joyfully assented, but in

closing the door, the little party perceived the stranger, who was courteously invited in, and before he was seated, the return of the master of the house was announced, accompanied by Charles ; so that the gentleman found himself at once in the midst of the people he had earnestly desired to see.

He found himself accosted by William, with that simple courtesy, which arose from the benevolence of his nature, and that self-possession and civility, which he had acquired from his intercourse with the world ; and on mentioning the name of their mutual friend, all parties appeared sufficiently acquainted with each other, and the traveller easily accepted the refreshment offered to him, and which was soon extended to all connected with him. The neatness of Mary's house and table, even her somewhat too anxious desire to render her guest comfortable, all spoke in her favour ; and it was evident that in the praises

of his wife and children, William evinced a pleasure which proved that they were the pride and blessing of his existence; and that his active and frequently fatiguing life was rendered sweet by their caresses. Prosperity had with William come on regularly, though rapidly, and no one sudden stroke of fortune had pushed him on in life; his means grew out of his exertions, and his happiness proceeded from his power of helping those he loved; his greatest luxury was a few well-chosen books, and his highest indulgence stealing, at proper intervals, time for their perusal. His placid self-governed spirit, his activity in business and in benevolence; his considerate care of all who were under him, and the disposition he always showed to extend protection to the houseless and helpless, or to instruct the well-inclined, had gained him the good-will of all, and the gratitude of many; and as Mr. Thoraccliffe had lately acquired a con-

considerable accession of property; from the death of a distant relation, he was now only a sleeping-partner, and that power he used so well, rested solely in the hands of William. Charles was also an acting partner, and a very useful one in his own department, as he instructed the women and children, who now constituted a considerable body. He had lately married the farmer's daughter, and had obtained a handsome legacy, from the death of Sir Henry's mother, who had been touched with the remembrance of her brother's too long delayed repentance; but the baronet himself had found so many ways in which it is possible to dissipate a noble fortune, that he had been unable to spare Charles any further assistance, and at present he had very little intercourse with the family, though the female part of it often wished him well, and gave a sigh to his early sufferings.

Frank was going on prosperously with his school; and as Charles had removed, he had the satisfaction of furnishing his house handsomely; engaging a good servant, and seeing his excellent mother well dressed in her little parlour, to welcome him after the labours of the day with her usual cheerfulness, but as she had lately become a little lame with the rheumatism, to which the extraordinary labours of her former days subjected her, it was the laudable custom of either William or Charles, to take her out in the gig, which they kept for their traveller, every evening. Often did they drive down the lane down where William had followed her first, a tired, hungry, anxious, wretched looking boy, that had not where to lay his head; or pass by the cottage where they had known many a scanty meal and many a sorrowful hour; and far from reviewing their past days with false shame, they found only in such remembrances, new food for

thankfulness to God and new incentives for goodness to his creatures.

The general improvement of the village from the success of the manufactory had been productive of a great accession of business to the husband of Betsey, who was now the mother of several children, and like her brother, in a state of growing prosperity; and as great a favorite as ever with the good sergeant, who visited her as frequently as the increasing infirmities of his age permitted, being often taken down by Mr. or Mrs. Thorncliffe in their carriage.

This worthy couple were now fully restored to the place they once held in society, and time, as well as sorrow, having tamed the spirits of Mr. Thorncliffe, he found in the occupations offered by his rising family, the society of a few dear friends, and the inspection of his flourishing manufactory, that his mind, time, and fortune, were happily employed. His constant attentions were paid at the

Rectory, where Mr. and Mrs. Greville still resided, although the former was obliged to confide much of his parochial duty to his curate, and like "a shock of corn grown fully ripe," was ready to pass into the heavenly garner.

This information respecting all the parties heretofore mentioned, passed in conversation on the morning after the gentleman's arrival, who having now satisfied the more immediate objects of his benevolent curiosity, enquired, "if the church were as well frequented as in Mr. Greville's more active days?"

"I think even better," was the answer.

"Then you have no Methodists amongst you now?"

"Oh yes! I believe the greater part of our people go to the Meeting, but they are none of them bigoted, so that they neither quarrel with their neighbours, nor render their own families unhappy by that excess of zeal which is too apt to

defeat its own wishes, and I have the happiness of saying that we have not a single politician about the place."

"From the manner, in which you say this, I conclude that you consider Enthusiasm, in either politics or religion, to be inevitable in communities of workmen?"

"I certainly do conclude much thinking and talking on these important subjects, a *natural* if not an *inevitable* result of such situations, and consider these classes of society so totally distinct from agriculturists, or mechanics, whose bodily labour absorbs the powers of reflection, that in all laws and regulations made for their use, the wants and bias of their minds ought to be had in especial remembrance. A man who has abundance of time for exercising his reasoning powers, and yet very little knowledge from which to draw inferences, and proceed to conclusions, will be apt to follow the few ideas he has to most unwarrantable lengths, and proceed in some cases

to very upwise deductions, and it is most desirable for such men to fix upon that which is of so much importance to all, and which, while it ever refines them from the grossness to which poverty is so apt to sink in its enjoyments, supports them through difficulties, and consoles them in suffering. You know, Sir, from the first, the Gospel was preached to the poor particularly, and of these I would say, it is most desirable to the *thinking* poor."

" True, it is far better for a man to spend his time in mending his own manners at the Meeting, than in hammering at the constitution in an alehouse, to injure his family, and mislead his neighbours: but yet I have my doubts as to any permanently good effects being produced, by ignorance acting upon zeal; and I have witnessed such excessive superstition, insolent familiarity in their addresses to the Most High, such a spirit of calumny and anti-christian censure

that you ran away with, and your sweet little boy, and —”

“Hush,” said the General, holding up his finger, while struggling to command himself, he turned gaily to his lady, saying, “Here you see her still, not quite so young or so beautiful as you have known her, but as dear as ever; and still as fond of being near her husband, as when you furnished her with the means of following him in the wilds of America.”

The lady, unable to speak from the emotion awakened by remembering a scene of severe suffering, and a child no longer in existence, put out her hand to the sergeant, who respectfully kissed it, and, perhaps, moistened it with the tears which mixed sensations of pleasure and sympathy had gathered in his eyes, for he well remembered the hour (though many similar scenes had been witnessed by him) when this lady, a young and lovely woman, a tender wife, and doating

mother, struggling with that poverty which is too generally the attendant on marriages of this description, in the hour of sorrow sought from his humble aid, the means of rejoining her wounded husband.

The General, fearful that the delicate health of his beloved partner should suffer, from an emotion which he felt too affecting for himself, endeavoured to shake it from them all, by exclaiming,

“Well, sergeant, you must have concluded me a great scoundrel, never to have repaid you the guineas, which you then lent to Maria, especially as they enabled her to reach me, and her cares undoubtedly preserved my life; — that you once before saved it from the thrust of a Yankee bayonet, I have little to say, (though your arm suffered for it,) because that’s in the course of things with us soldiers; but that you emptied your purse of its last shilling to send the distracted

wife of a poor lieutenant to her, dying husband, that you —”

The General suddenly stopped, and looked out of the window, as if something had caught his eye, for that eye was full.

“ I heard of your Honour’s being in the East Indies about a dozen years ago, and very glad I was to find that Madam was with you.”

“ I was with him, and several more then,” said Mrs. Mountmorris, “ but alas! we returned grievously bereaved to take possession of an estate we can no longer enjoy.”

“ Do not say so, my love, for we have preserved a little grandson from the wreck, and the world will provide us many children on whom to bestow superfluous wealth. Sergeant, you must visit our little Indian blossom, • you love children, I know.”

The sergeant shook his head.

“ True, my friend, ’tis time to give

over marching; but our boy shall visit you, shall *thank* you, thank *all* who have been good to you, and learn how we may best prove the gratitude we have so long cherished for you, though hopeless of the happiness of seeing you again in this world."

As the General spoke, his quick eye glanced over the comfortable home in which he found his humble friend, with a look almost expressive of fear, lest his munificence could find no means of adding to its modest enjoyments; but as he saw three young children on the grass plot, a smile of delight arose on his countenance from the consciousness, that a rising family always may be assisted; he, however, waived all enquires relative to the good sergeant and his friends at present, determined to enquire into all particulars from the gentleman who was their visitor, and whose name was well known to him.

Turning to this stranger he now ob-

served, "that the age of his veteran friend, and his long and arduous services, had yet left his winter of life 'a lusty one, frosty but kindly,'" adding, "it is almost thirty years since I saw him, I well remember he was sharing his loaf with three beggars."

"And you find him again, General, in company with three beggars, but happily ~~so~~ situated, that, if he wanted it, each could share a loaf with him: such is the happy and merited condition of Elizabeth's beggar-boys."

THE END.

